

SCREAM WITH LAUGHTER AT THOSE WACKS
SENOR BANANA AND THE APPLEJACKS!

DV-23
NO.

38

JULY

10¢

ZIP

COMICS





WEB COMIC
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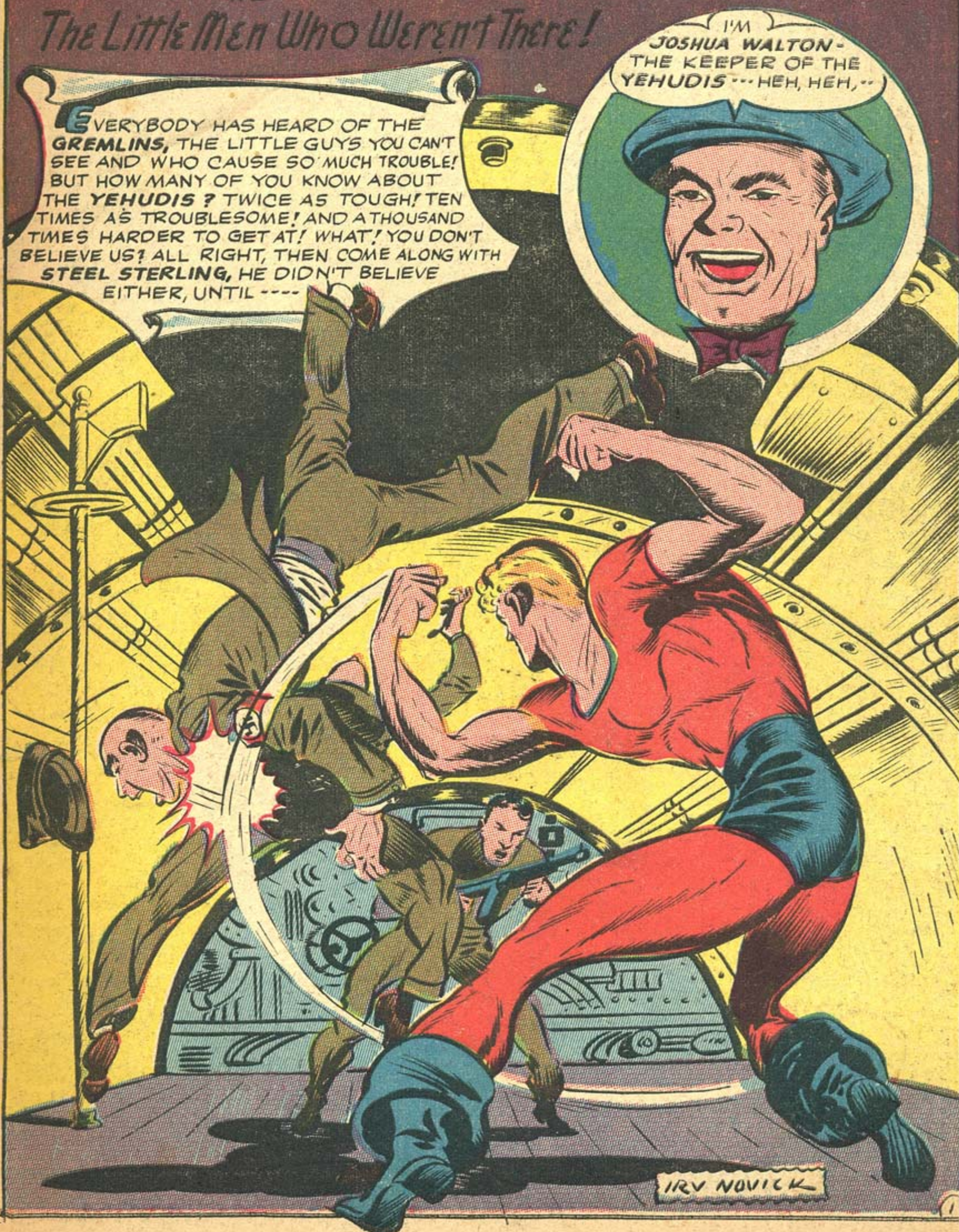
STEEL STERLING

in

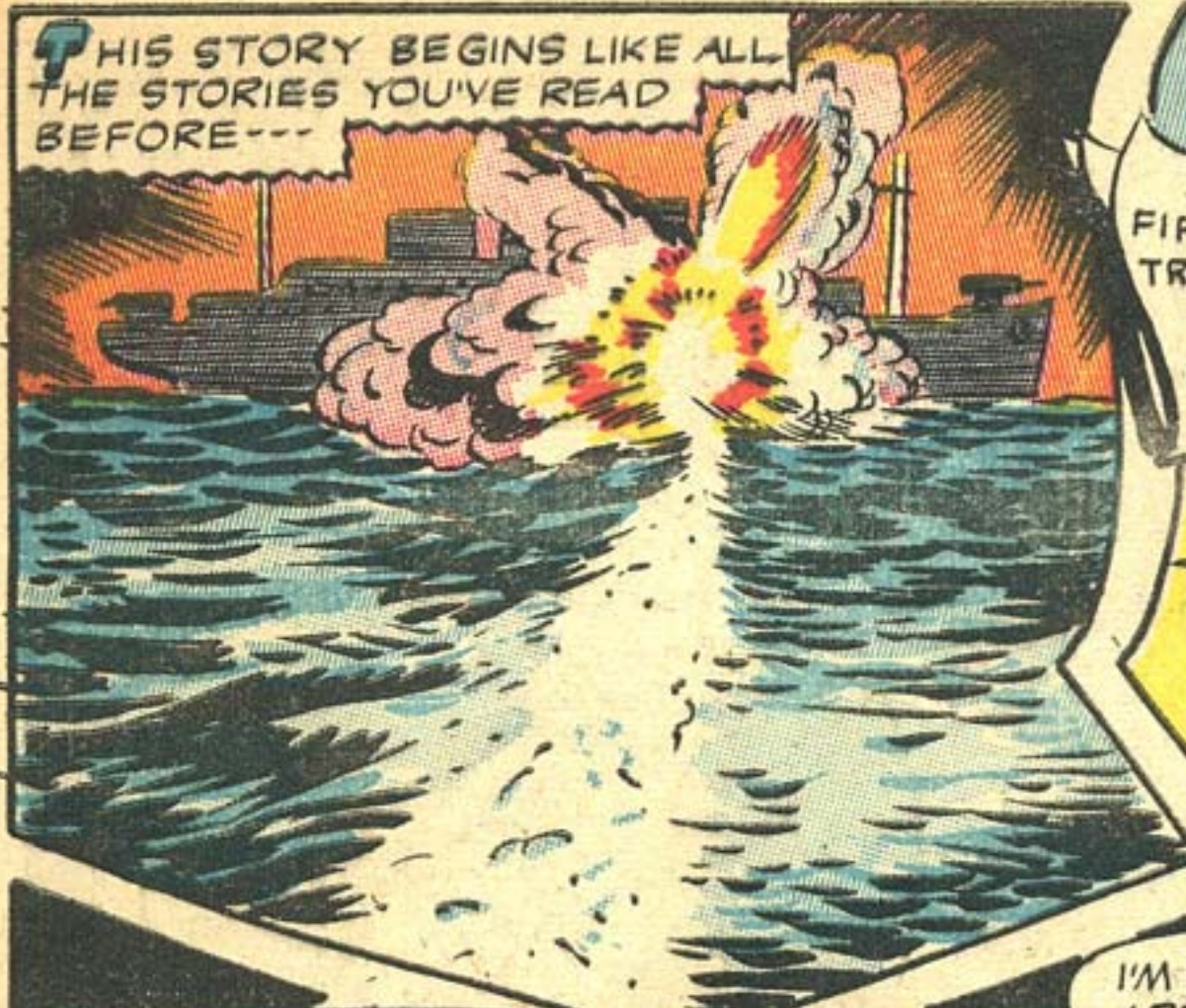
The Little Men Who Weren't There!

EVERYBODY HAS HEARD OF THE GREMLINS, THE LITTLE GUYS YOU CAN'T SEE AND WHO CAUSE SO MUCH TROUBLE! BUT HOW MANY OF YOU KNOW ABOUT THE YEHUDIS? TWICE AS TOUGH! TEN TIMES AS TROUBLESOME! AND A THOUSAND TIMES HARDER TO GET AT! WHAT! YOU DON'T BELIEVE US? ALL RIGHT, THEN COME ALONG WITH STEEL STERLING, HE DIDN'T BELIEVE EITHER, UNTIL ----

I'M
JOSHUA WALTON -
THE KEEPER OF THE
YEHUDIS... HEH, HEH,...



THIS STORY BEGINS LIKE ALL THE STORIES YOU'VE READ BEFORE---



FIFTH ALLIED TRANSPORT SUNK



YOU'VE GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, LOONEY! YOU'RE GOING BACK OVERSEAS! YOU'VE BEEN HOWLING FOR IT SINCE YOU RETURNED TO THE STATES!



YEAH!... I'M JUST ITCHIN' TO GET BACK AT THOSE VERMIN! JUST GATHER TOGETHER A FEW OF MY PERSONAL BELONGINGS!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, LOONEY! THOSE NAZI SUBS HAVE BEEN TAKING A TERRIBLE TOLL OF OUR TROOPSHIPS, LATELY!

YEAH! BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM FOOLED THIS TIME! WE'VE CHANGED OUR SHIPPING ROUTE! IT'S SO SECRET EVEN I DON'T KNOW THE NEW ROUTE!



SO LONG, LOONEY! I WISH I WAS GOING WITH YOU!

THERE'S PLENTY OF WORK FOR YOU RIGHT HERE! I'LL BRING YOU BACK A COUPLE OF MEDALS!



HE'S GONE! I'M STARTING TO MISS THE POOR GOOF ALREADY! FUNNY HOW PEOPLE START TO GROW ON YOU--I'D BETTER TAKE A WALK AND FORGET ABOUT IT!



LATER AS STEEL STERLING IS STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK -----

I'LL PAY CLANCY A VISIT! HE'LL CHEER ME UP! AFTER ALL, WE --- OOPS..

WHY DON'CHA LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?

I BEG YOUR PARDON! I WAS JUST ---- SAY **WHERE** ARE YOU?

RIGHT HERE, STUPID! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO PUNCH YOU IN THE NOSE!

PARDON ME! HAVE YOU SEEN **YEHUDI!**....I'M SURE HE CAME THIS WAY!

SAY, ARE YOU A VENTRILOQUIST? IS THIS SOME PRACTICAL JOKE?

BUT I FELT SOMETHING! THAT COULDN'T BE JUST VENTRILOQUISM! PEOPLE CAN THROW VOICES -- BUT THEY CAN THROW BODIES! ESPECIALLY INVISIBLE ONES!

AH! THERE YOU ARE! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME CALLING YOU? I'VE GOT YOUR BROTHER HERE!

COME ALONG NOW!

JUST A MINUTE! YOU MEAN THERE'S REALLY SOMEONE DOWN THERE!

BOY, THIS GUY SURE IS DUMB!

THESE **YEHUDIS** REALLY EXIST! UNFORTUNATELY, ONLY I AM ABLE TOO SEE THEM! NATURALLY, BEING INVISIBLE, THEY NEED SOMEONE TO LOOK AFTER THEM! SO I'VE APPOINTED MYSELF, JOSHUA WALTON, TO BE THEIR GUARDIAN!



THAT MUST BE QUITE A JOB! TELL ME WHAT DO THESE YEHUDIS DO!

THEY, SIR, ARE A SOURCE OF LIVELIHOOD! THEY KNOW EVERYTHING! JUST ASK THEM SOMETHING AND SEE!

I CAN'T THINK OF ANY QUESTIONS!

THEN I'LL ASK ONE! WHAT'S THE NEW SHIPPING ROUTE FOR TRANSPORTS?

YOU SEE? GOOD DAY TO YOU, SIR!

JUST A MINUTE!

HOW'D HE KNOW THAT? WHAT DID HE MEAN BY EVERYBODY ASKS THE SAME QUESTIONS?

EVERYBODY ASKS THE SAME G#?!?G* THINGS! LATITUDE 41 LONGITUDE 13! PASSES GREENLAND TO PICK UP FIGHTER PROTECTION!

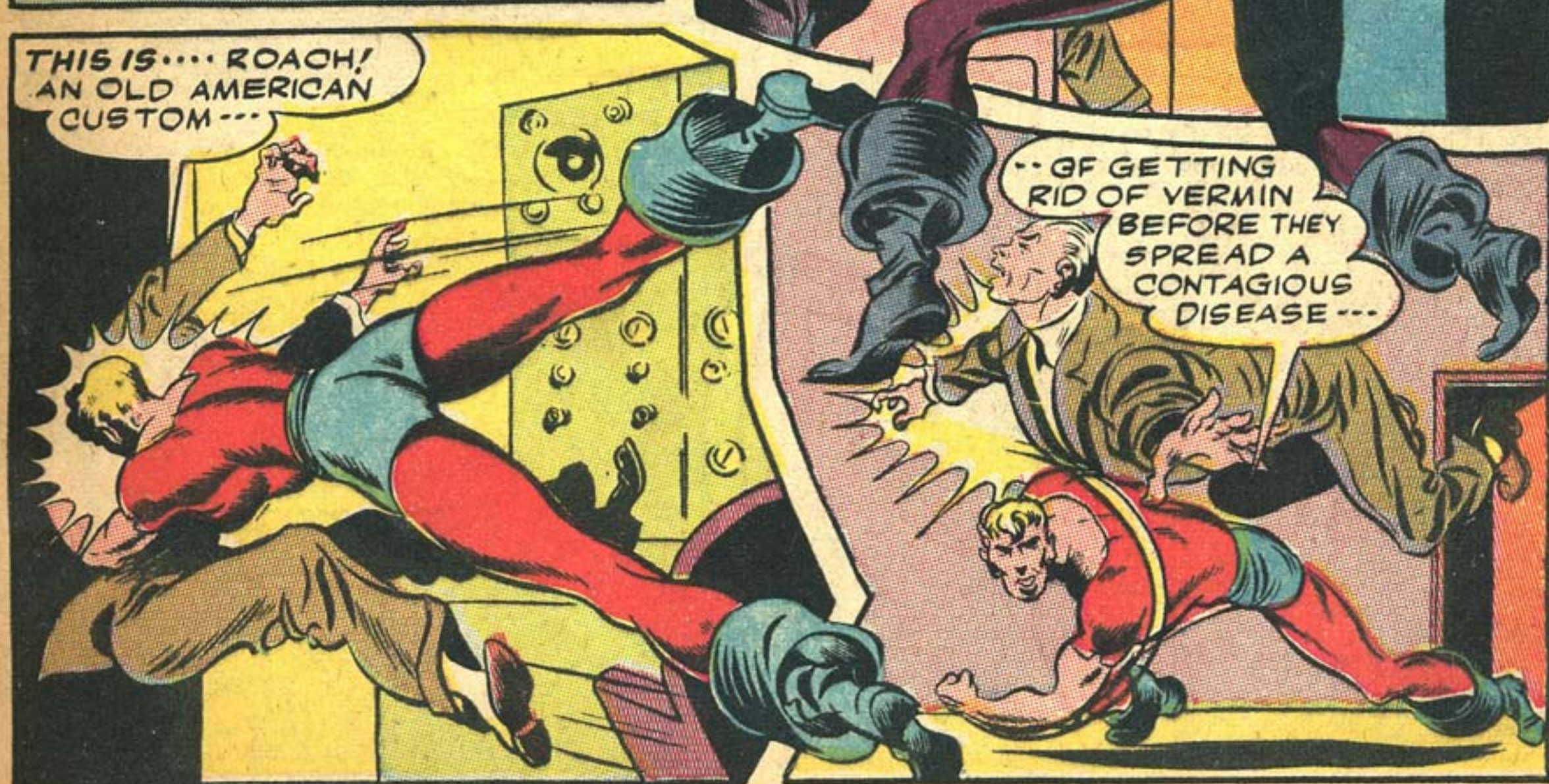
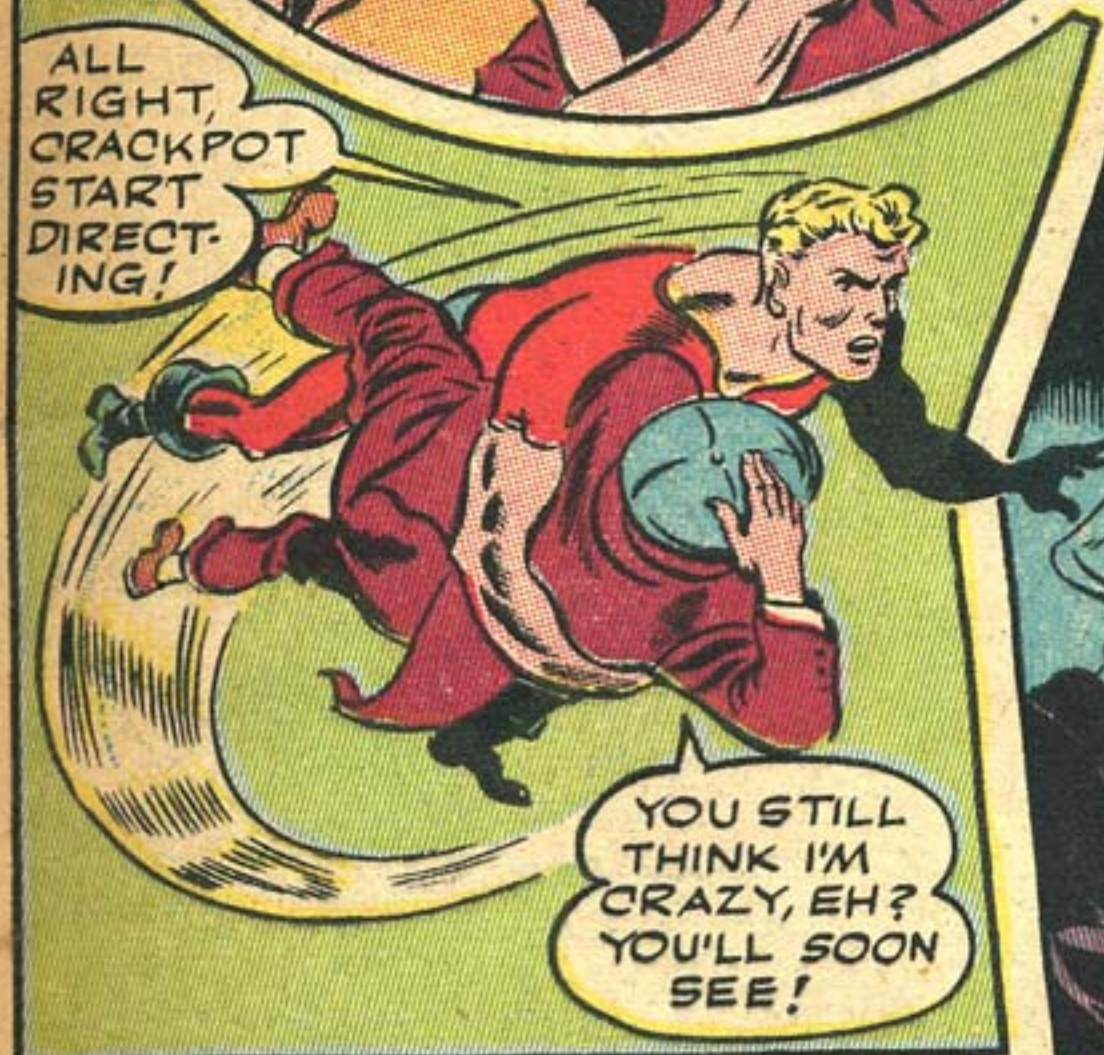
THE YEHUDIS KNOW EVERYTHING! PROBABLY THE GENTLEMEN WHO HIRE THEM ASK THE SAME QUESTIONS! THAT'S ALL I KNOW!

THIS SOUNDS AUTHENTIC! I'LL CHECK ONCE MORE TO MAKE SURE! LOONEY SAILED ON THE S.S. MARIUPOL! BUT HARDLY ANYONE KNOWS THE NAME OF THE SHIP!

DID A TROOP-SHIP SAIL FROM HERE THIS MORN-ING?

I'M OVER HERE, YOU DOPE!

BUT I'LL ANSWER YOUR QUESTION! THE SS. MARIUPOL SAILED THIS MORNING AT PRECISELY 8:03! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE HAD TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION!





LIKE FASCISM!



ALL DOWN-- ONE TO GO!



NOW YOU CAN TALK WITH OR WITHOUT TEETH! DID YOU SEND OUT THE SAILING DATE OF THE S.S. MARIUPOL?

Y--YES! BUT IT ISS TOO LATE FOR YOU TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



I'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT-- O'SHEA HOW'D YOU KNOW TO COME HERE?

BY THE LORD HARRY! WITH ALL THE RUMPUS IT'S A WONDER THE FIRE DEPARTMENT ISN'T HERE TOO!



A NAZI NEST, EH? HOW'D YOU GET ON TO 'EM, STEEL!

IF I TOLD, YOU, YOU'D THINK I WAS GOOFY-- AND BESIDES I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME!

COME ON! WE'VE GOT
A DATE WITH THOSE
YEHUDIS!

BE CAREFUL! THEY'RE
MY MOST PRICE-
LESS POSSESSION!
I COULDN'T BEAR
TO HAVE ANY-
THING HAPPEN
TO THEM!

ALL
ABOARD!
WE'RE GO-
ING FOR A
RIDE!

BOY!
THIS
OUGHTA
BE FUN!

NOW I WANT
YOU TO BE NICE
BOYS WHEN YOU
GO WITH MR.
STERLING!

NOW REMEMBER
TAKE GOOD
CARE OF
THEM!

DON'T
WORRY!

IMAGINE
REALLY FLY-
ING! IT'S THE
MOST AMAZ-
ING THING I'VE
HEARD OF!

AMAZING!
HMM--I
SUPPOSE
THEY
THINK THEY'RE
PERFECTLY
ORDINARY
PEOPLE!

FAR
OVER THE
ATLANTIC
RANGES
STEEL
STERLING
WITH HIS
STRANGE
PASSEN-
GERS!

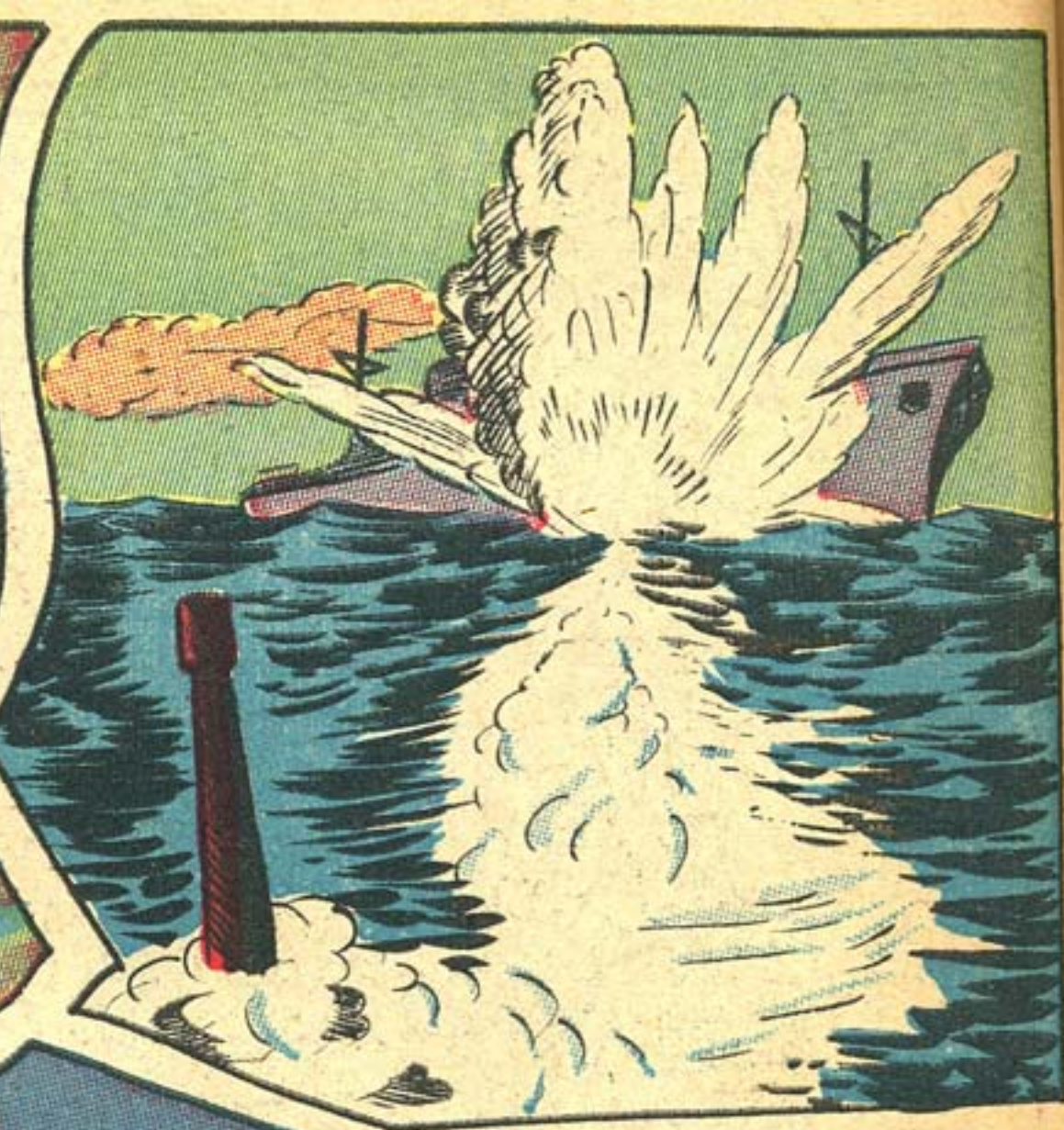
THAT'S
WHERE
YOU'LL
FIND
THE
MARIUPOL!

GO TWENTY FIVE
MILES AND TURN TO THE
RIGHT!

AMERICAN TRANS-
PORT DEAD AHEAD!
LEVEL OFF FOR
ATTACK!

AT THIS
MOMENT--

YIPPEEE!
WE'RE OFF!



DEY ARE
ABANDONING DER
SHIP! SURFACE!
VE VILL SHELL
DER LIFE BOATS!



WE GOT HERE TOO LATE-
BUT NOT TOO LATE TO PREVENT
THOSE NAZI RATS FROM SHELL-
ING THOSE LIFE BOATS!



HIMMEL!
VASS ISS?
SHUT DER
HATCH UND GET
BELOW QVICK!



TOO LATE,
HEINIE!

YOU YEHUDIS STAY
HERE, WHILE I CLEAN
UP THESE RATZIS!

LIKE
THIS ---

--AND
THIS!

I FIX HIM
NOW, ABER
GOOT!

YEEOW W!...
SOMETHING
BIT ME!


I DID, YOU
LUNKHEAD!
AND I DIDN'T
LIKE IT! DON'T
YOU GERMAN
EVER WASH
YOUR FEET?






WHAT TH---! WE'RE STILL DIVING!


THIS SUB WILL GO STRAIGHT TO THE BOTTOM! WHERE ARE THE YEHUDIS!



GOSH! I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR THEM! AND I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND THEM! THEY'RE INVISIBLE



TOO LATE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF!




WELL, I SAVED THE LIVES OF THOSE SAILORS!--- BUT I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT JOSHUA WALTON WILL SAY WHEN I COME BACK WITHOUT THE YEHUDIS!

MEANWHILE JOSHUA WALTON HAS BEEN WAITING FOR STEEL STERLING TO RETURN---



BRACE YOURSELF FOR SOME BAD NEWS WALTON!

YOU--- YOU MEAN--

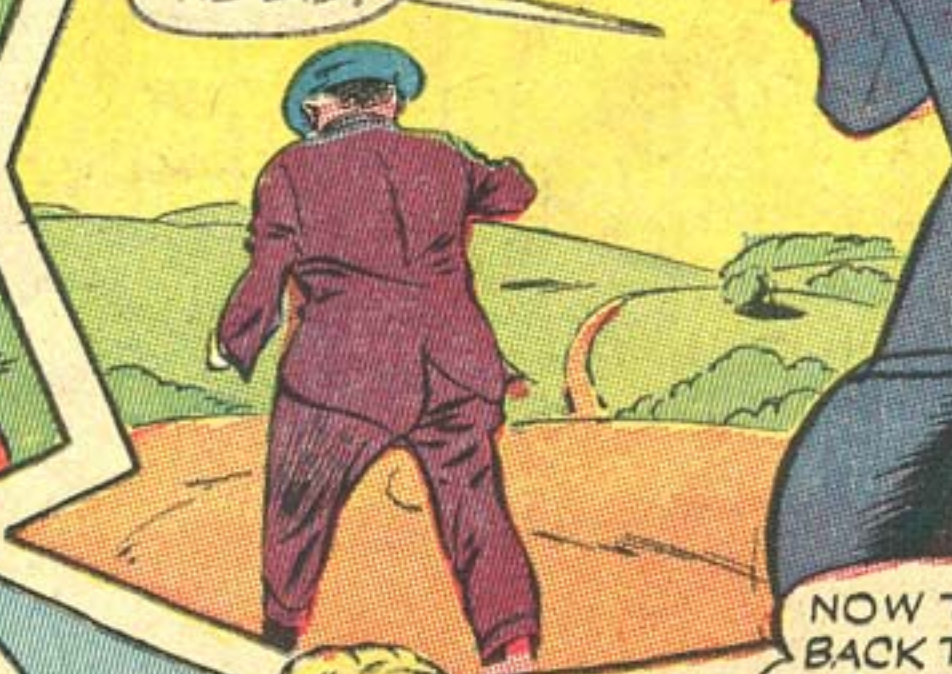


HERE HE COMES! BUT-- BUT HE HASN'T GOT MY YEHUDIS!

SO THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED! THEY PROBABLY DROWNED I WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER SAW THEM! NOW I'LL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!



POOR FELLOW! HE WAS REALLY FOND OF HIS YEHUDIS! I GUESS HE'S PUNISHED ENOUGH FOR THE HARM HE DID!



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE APARTMENT!

I KNOW HOW HE FEELS! I'D HAVE FELT THE SAME WAY IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO LOONEY! ---ANYWAY LOONEY IS SAFE NOW--- AND HE'LL GET HIS CHANCE TO SEE ACTION AFTER ALL!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT YOU SAILED ON THE MARIUPOL!

AW, THEY CHANGED MY ORDERS AT THE LAST MINUTE! I'M GONNABE STUCK HERE FOR THE DURATION!

WELL, I'LL BE A-A--- YEHUDI!

WHO'S YEHUDI?

HI, STEEL!

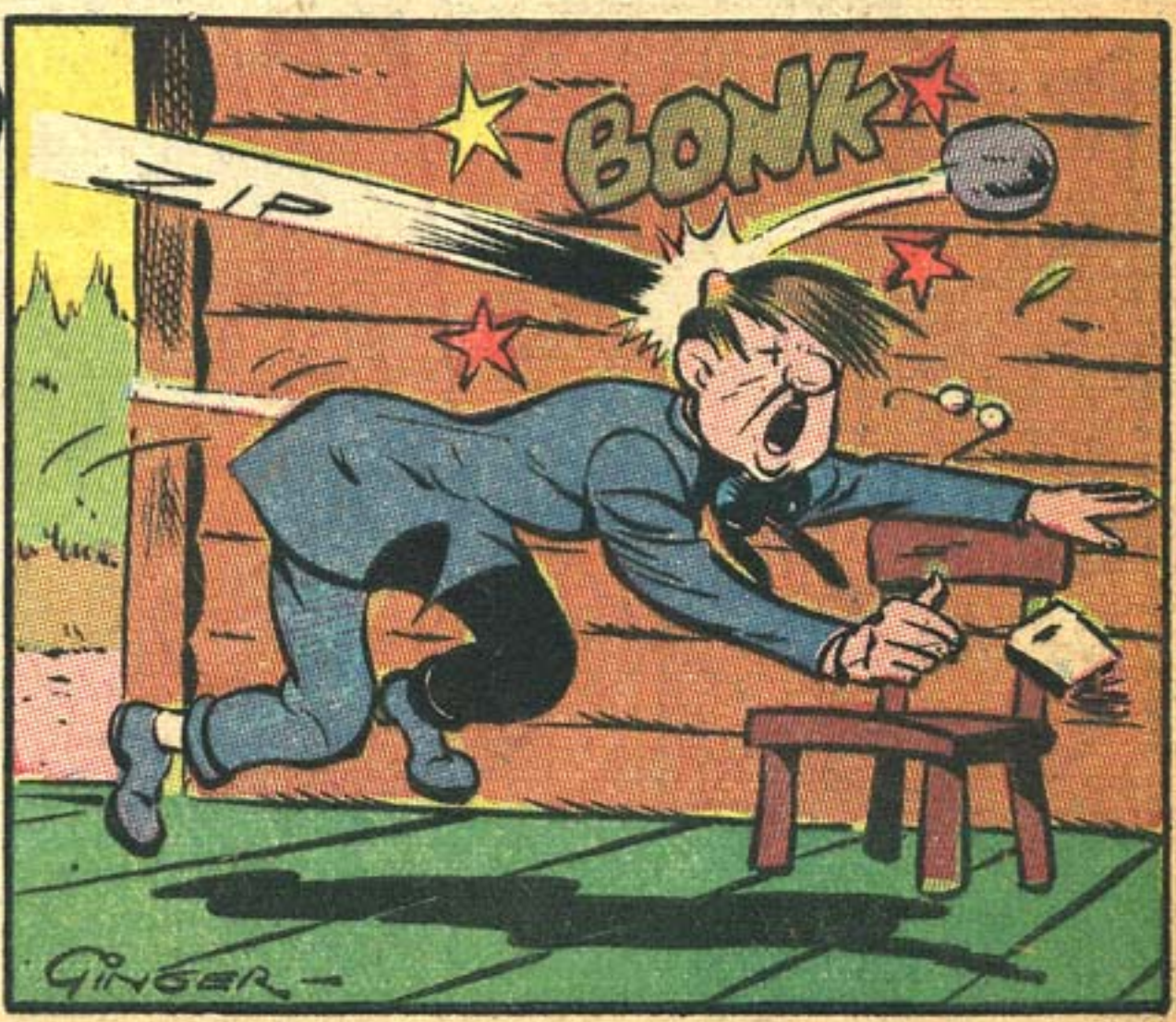
LOONEY!

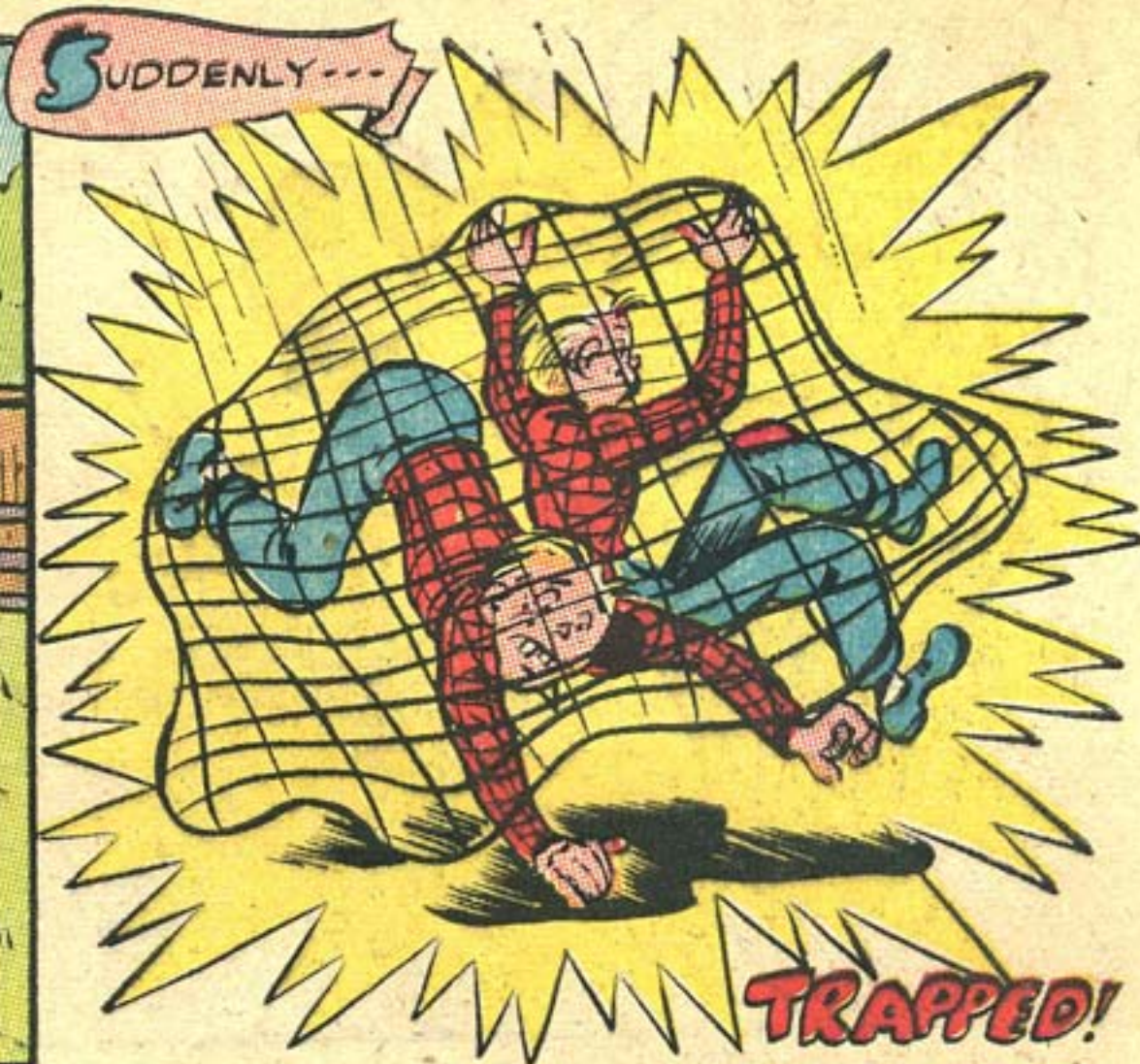
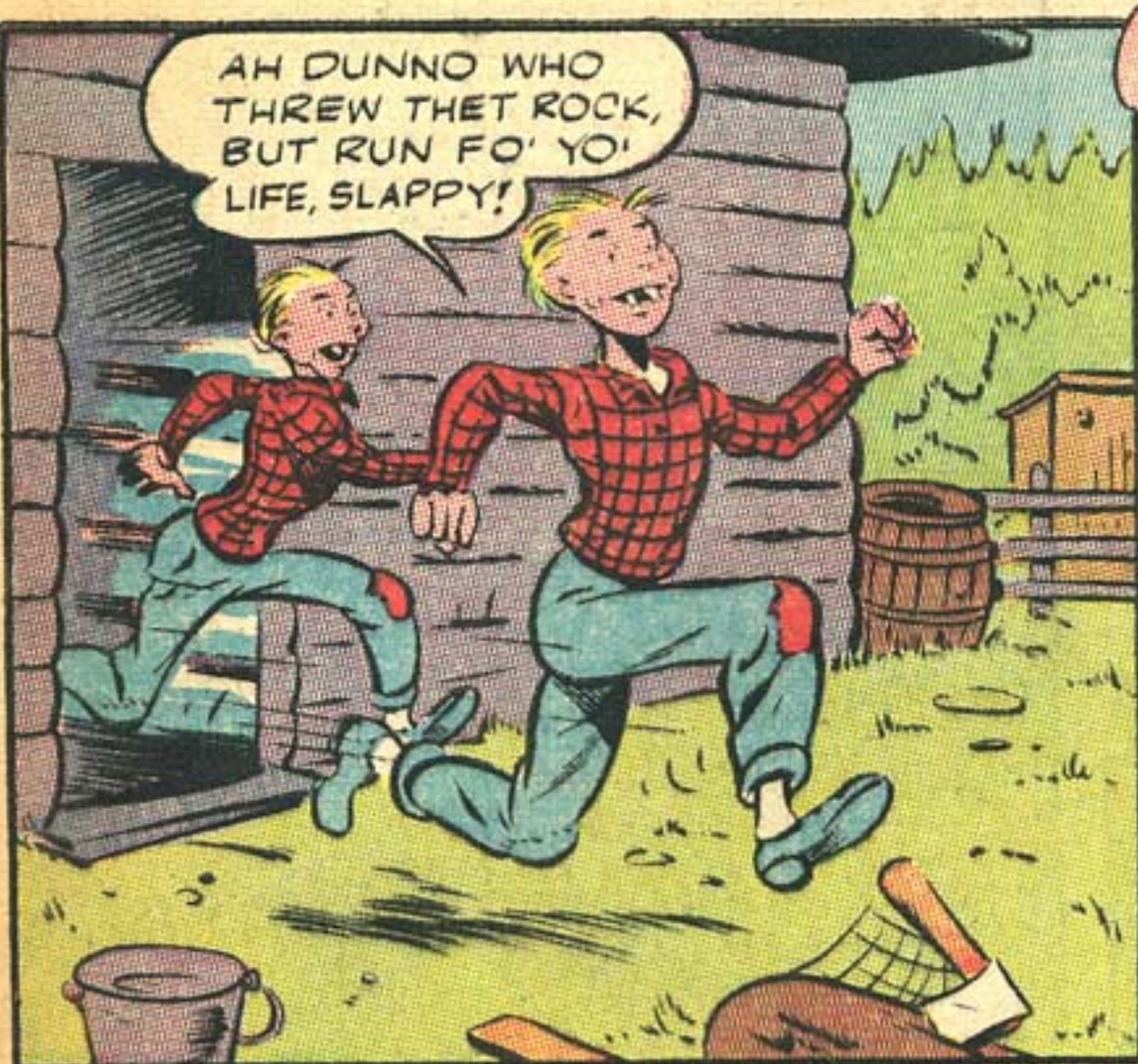


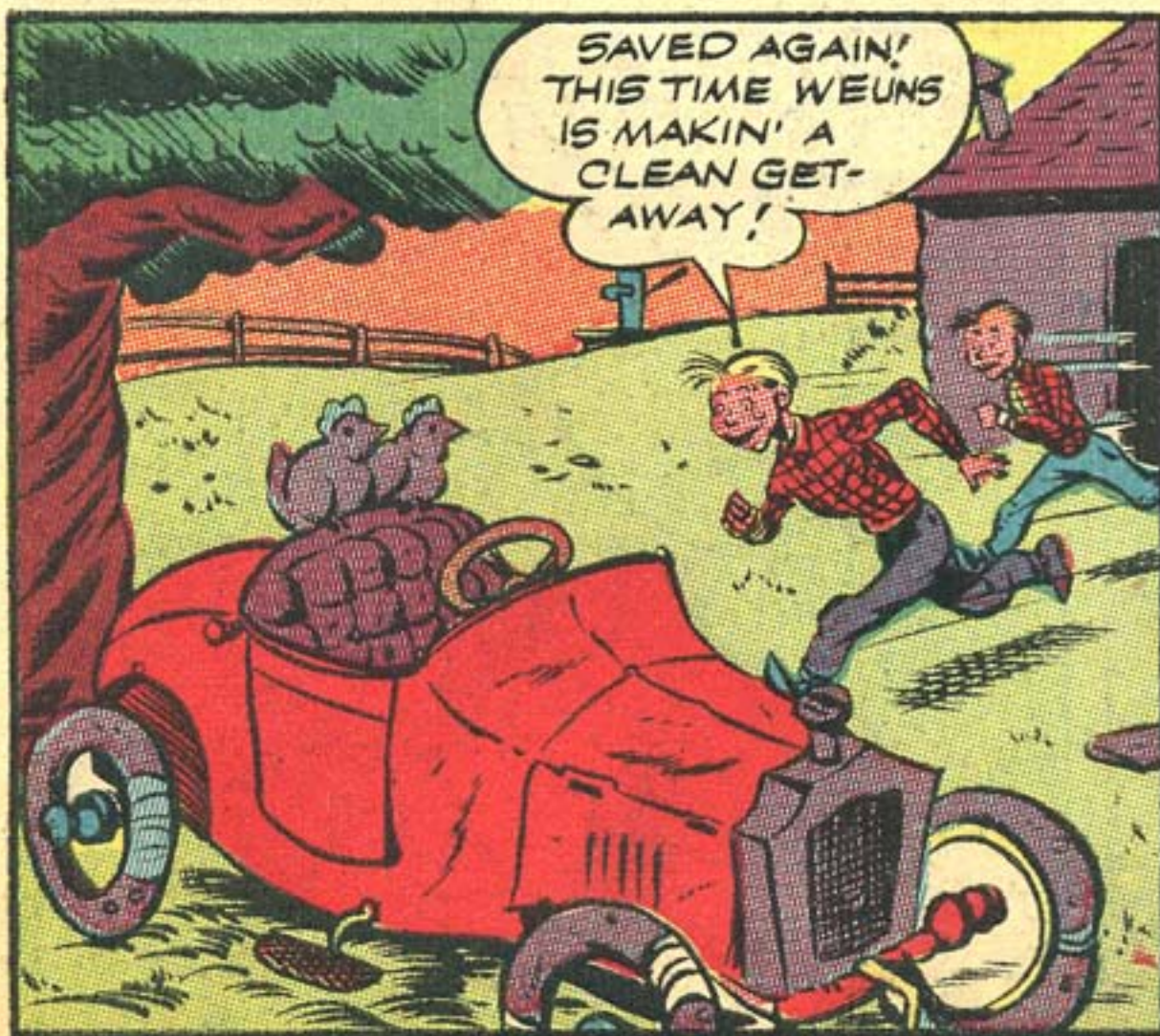
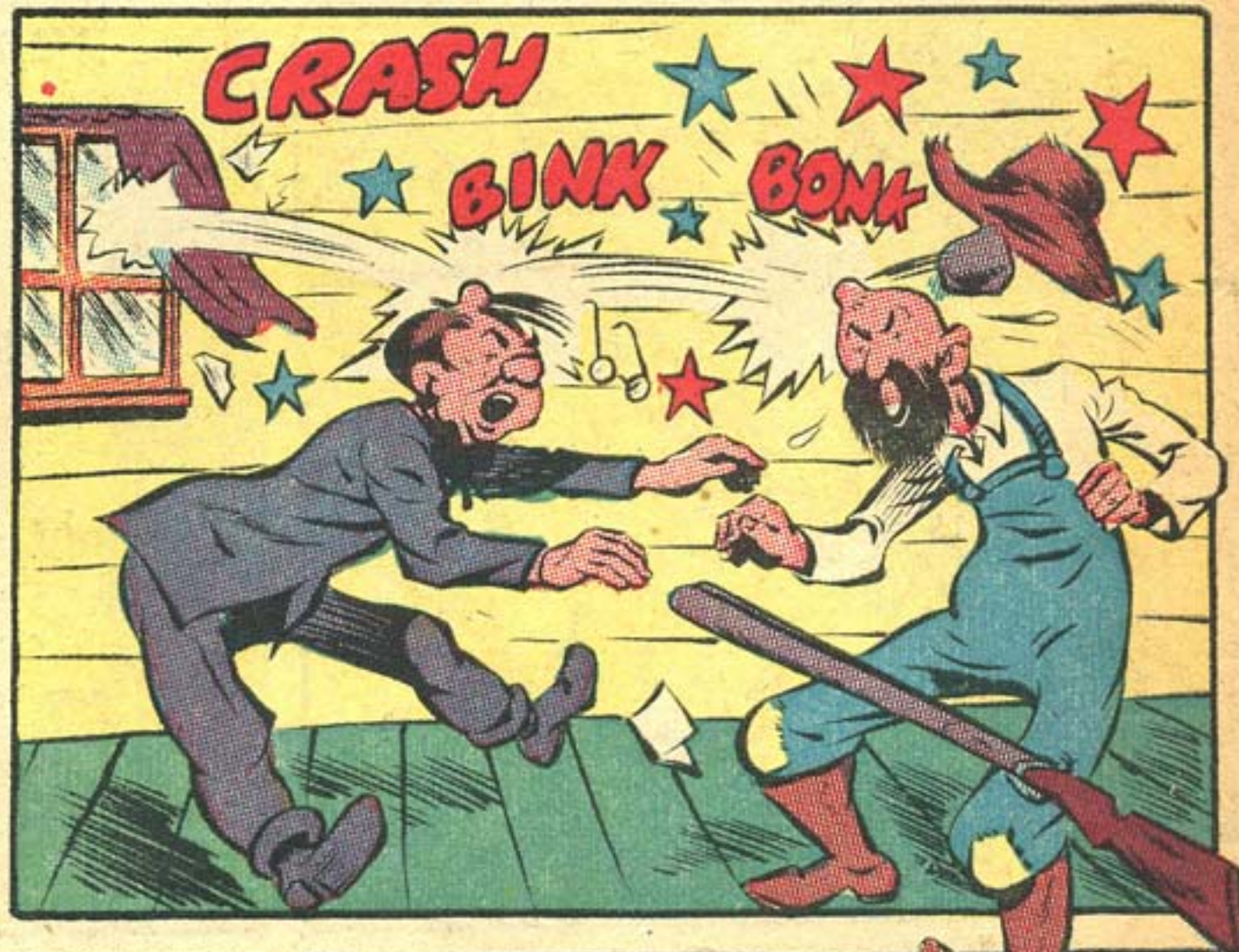
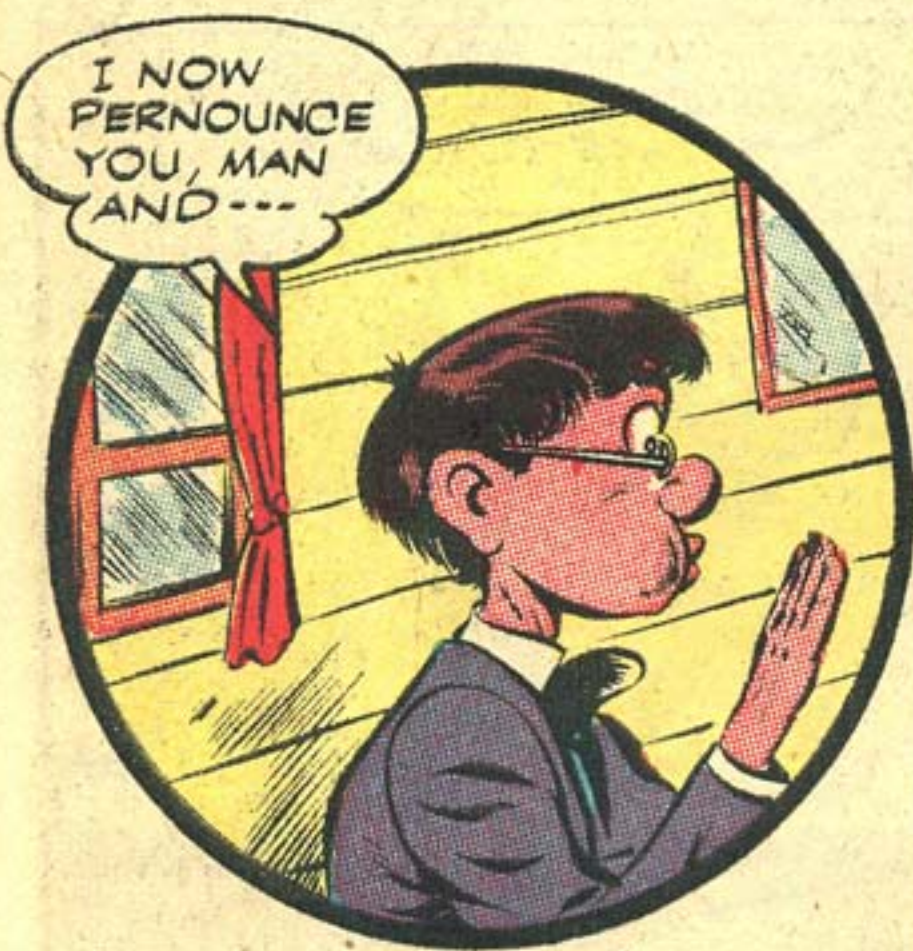
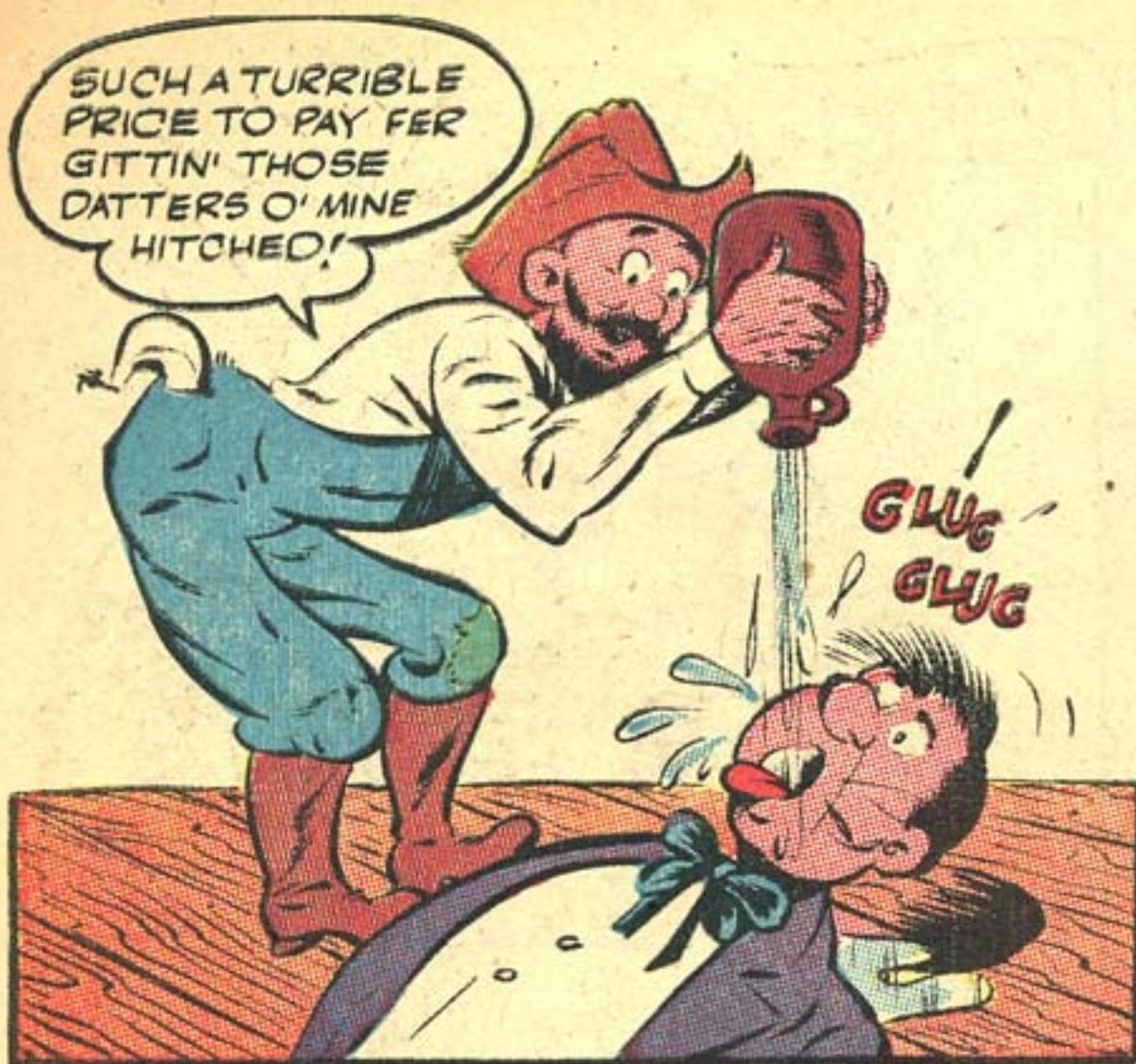
the SLAP HAPPY APPLE JACKS

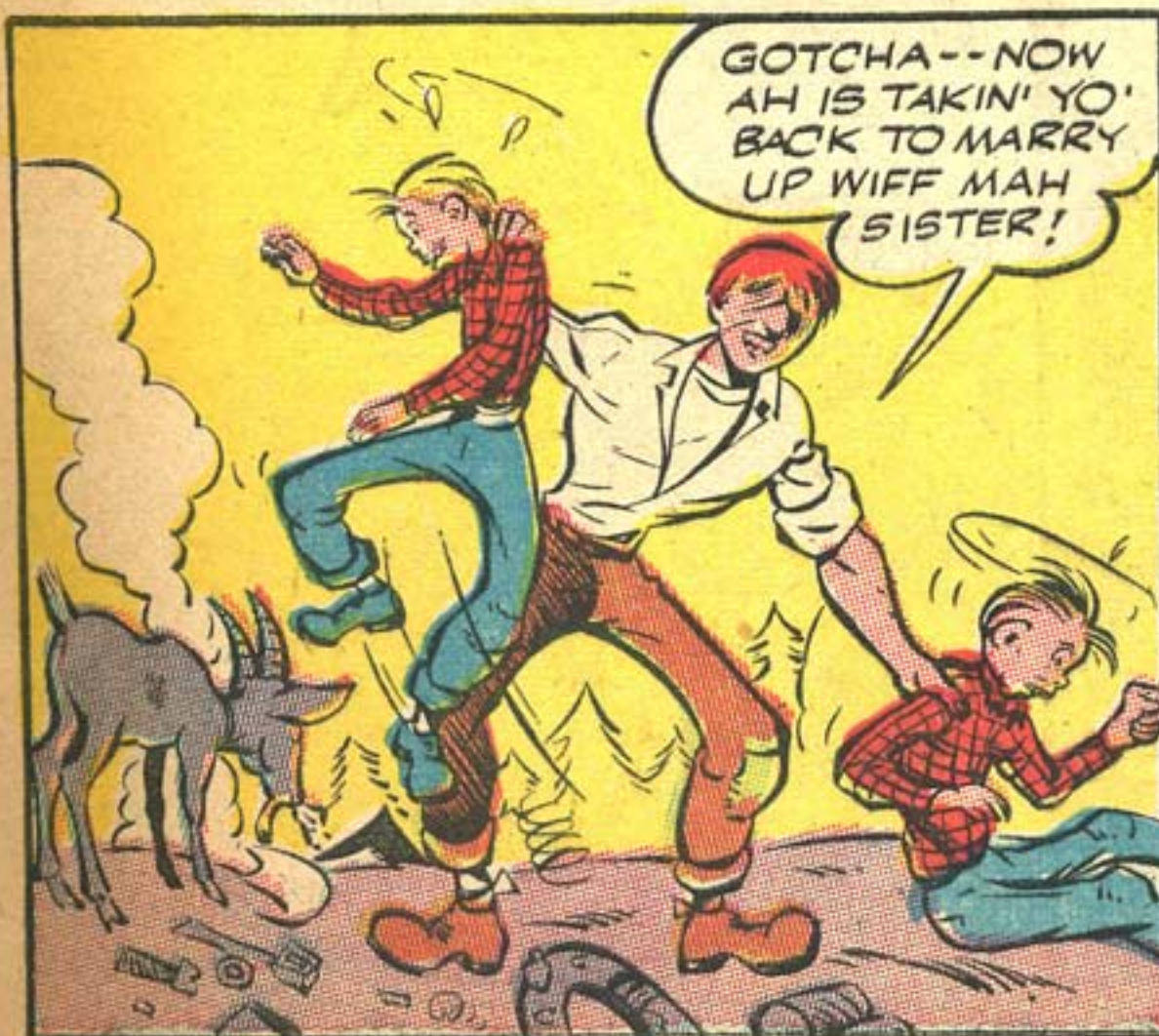
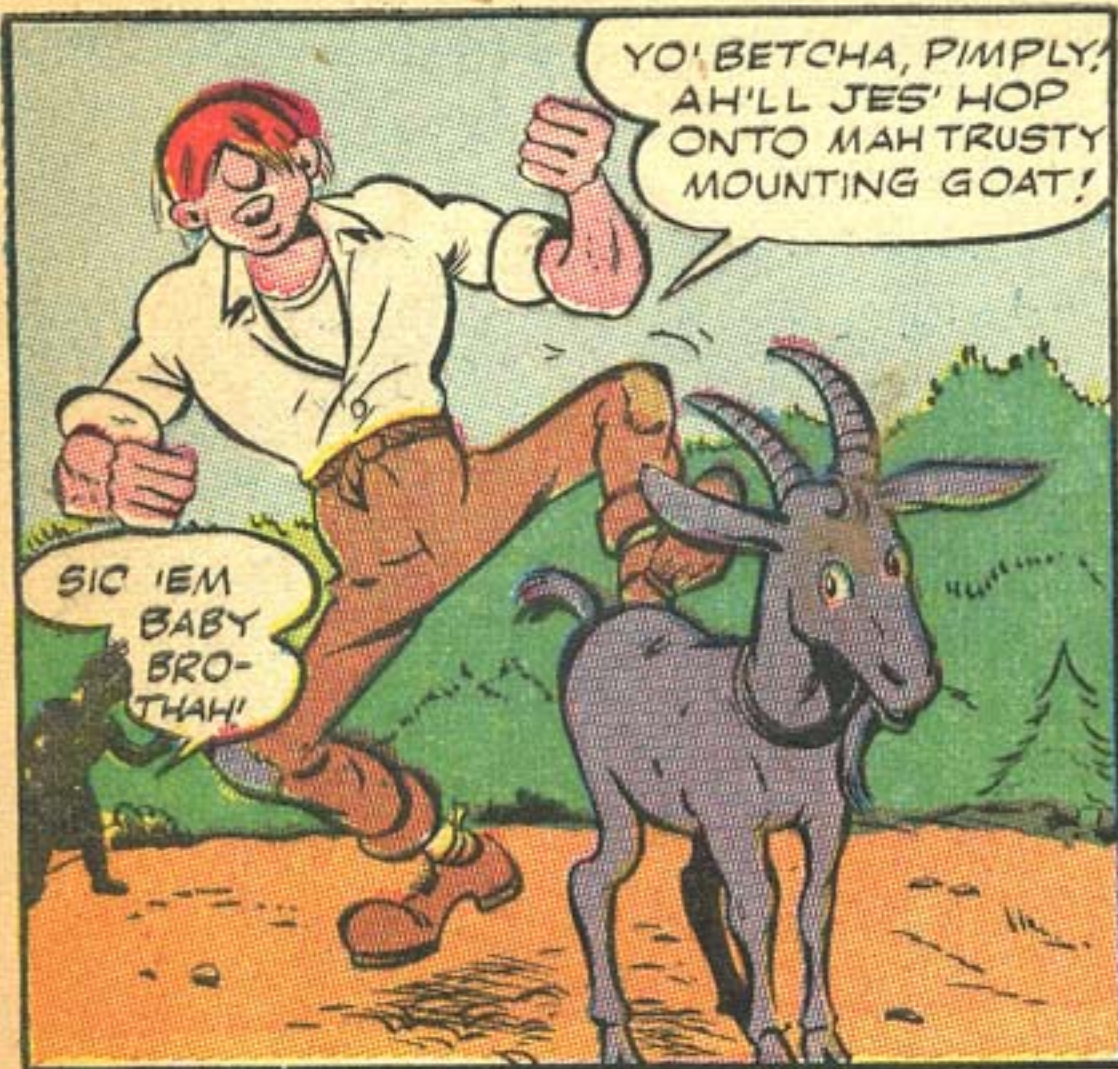


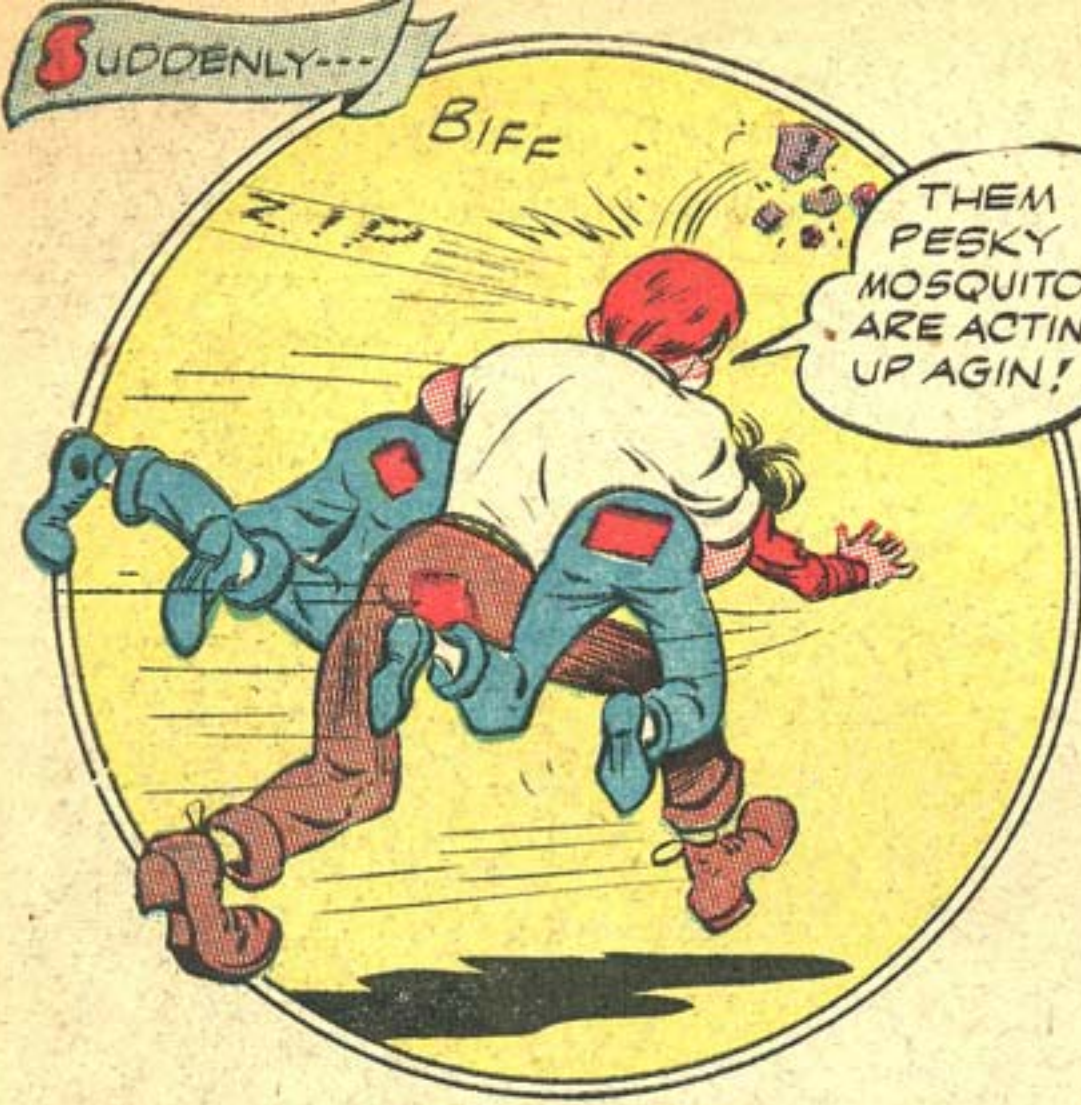
OUR STORY OPENS ON A TENDER SCENE! SLAPPY AND HAPPY APPLE-JACK ARE BEING LED TO THE ALTAR BY MAW MEASLES TO MARRY THE MEASLES TWINS!







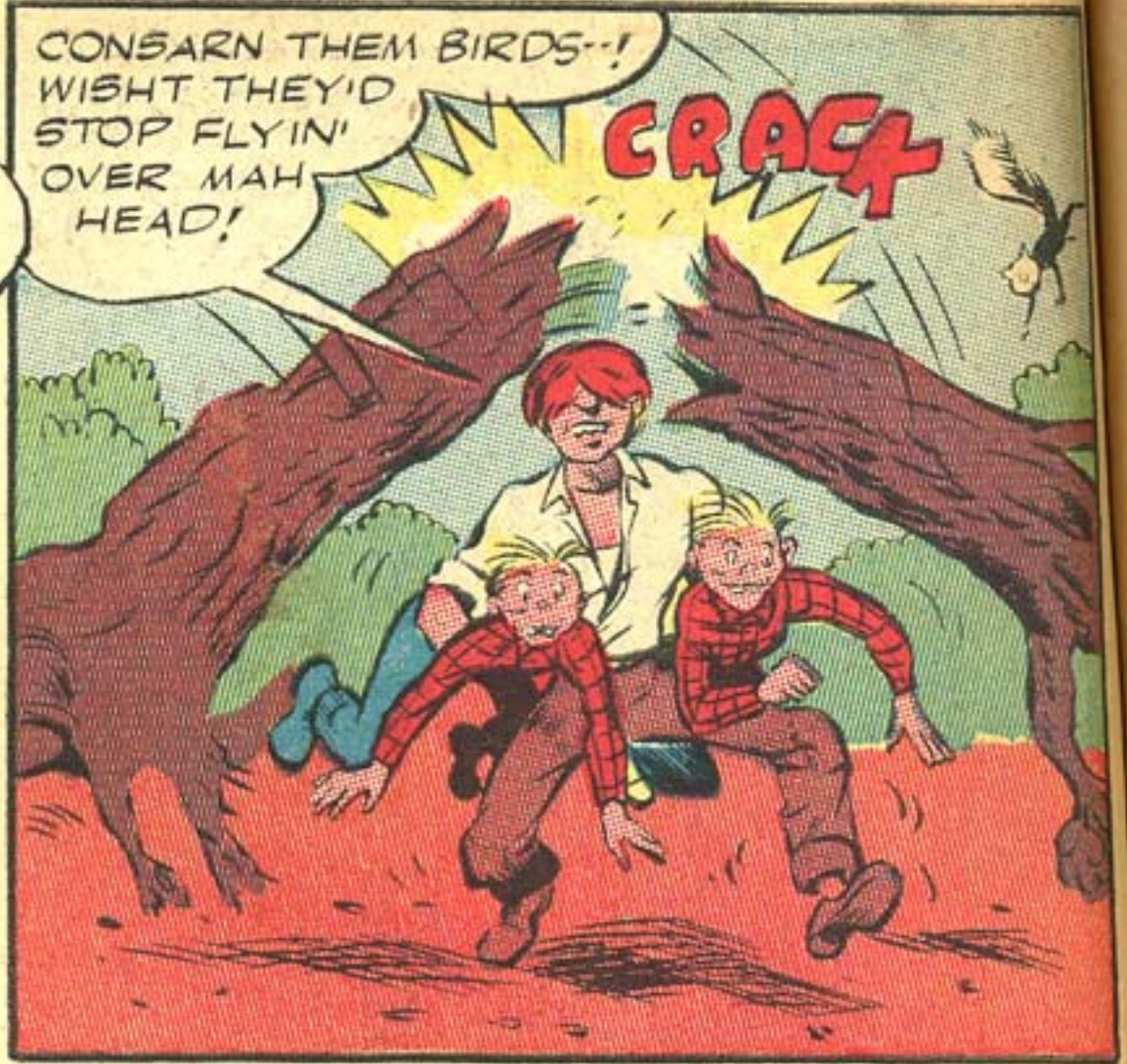




SUDDENLY---

BIFF

THEM PESKY MOSQUITOS ARE ACTIN' UP AGIN!



CONSARN THEM BIRDS--! WISHT THEY'D STOP FLYIN' OVER MAH HEAD!

CRACK



LET US GO, BABY BROTHAH, OR I'LL BASH YO' HAID IN!



BARRUM



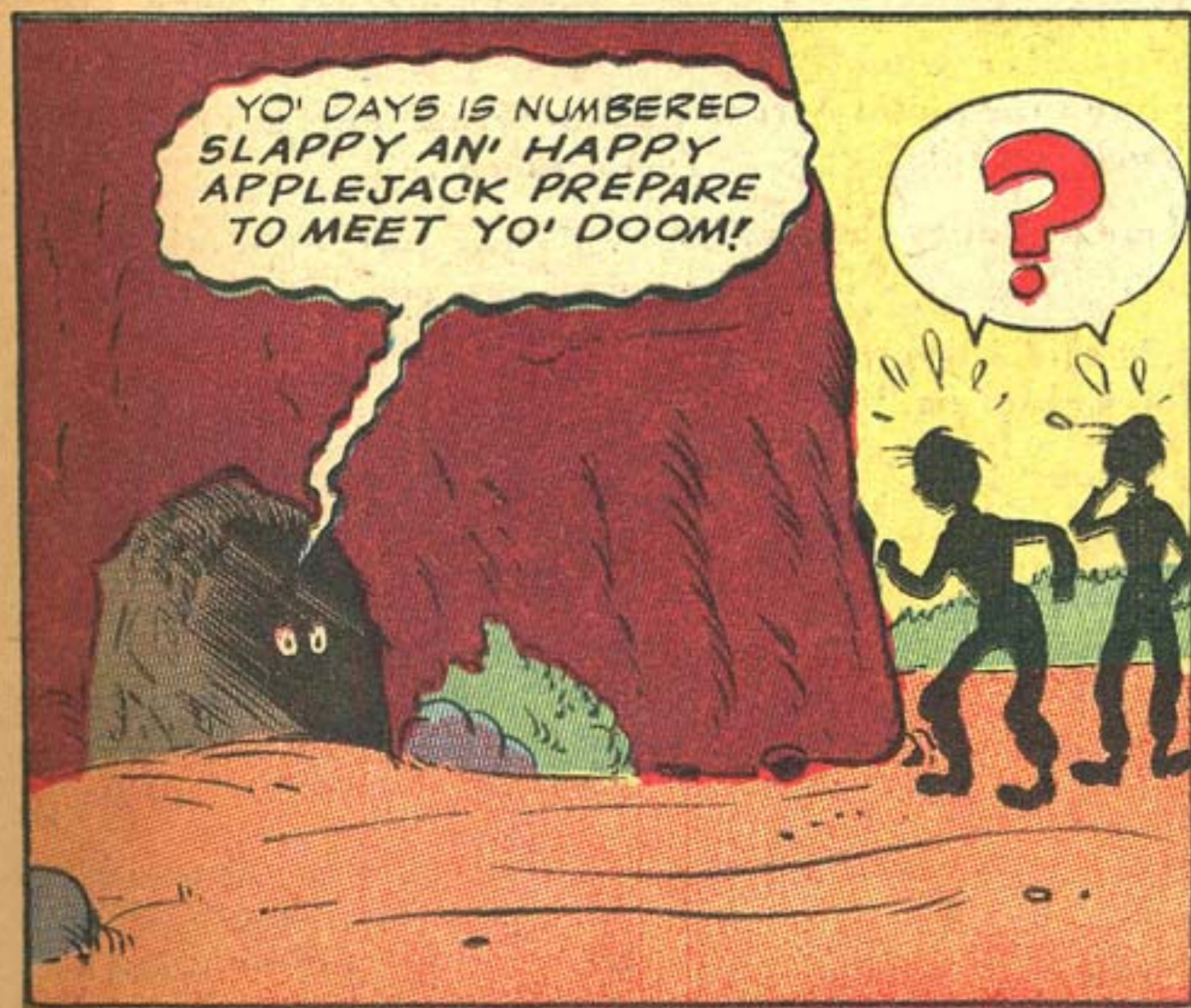
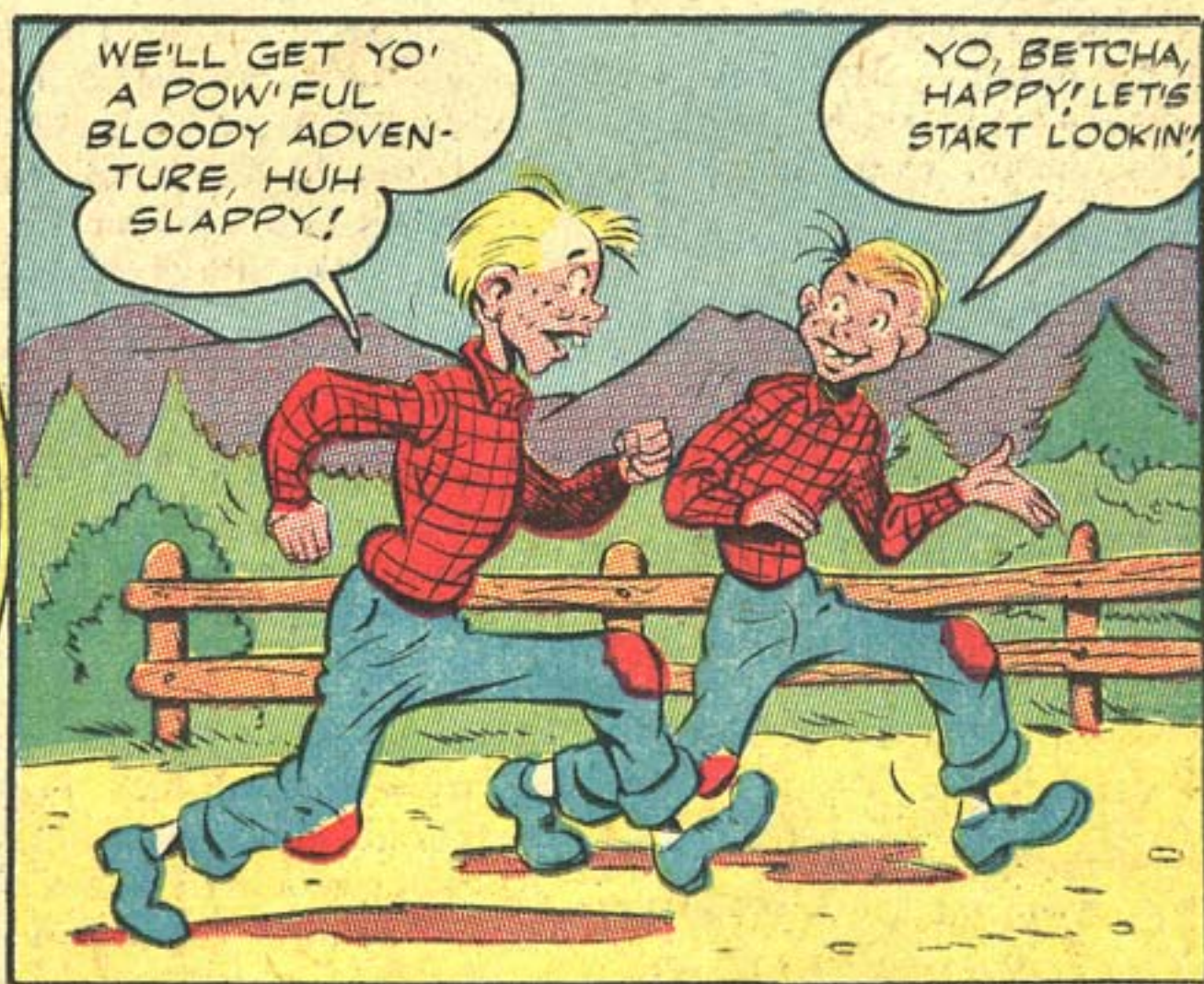
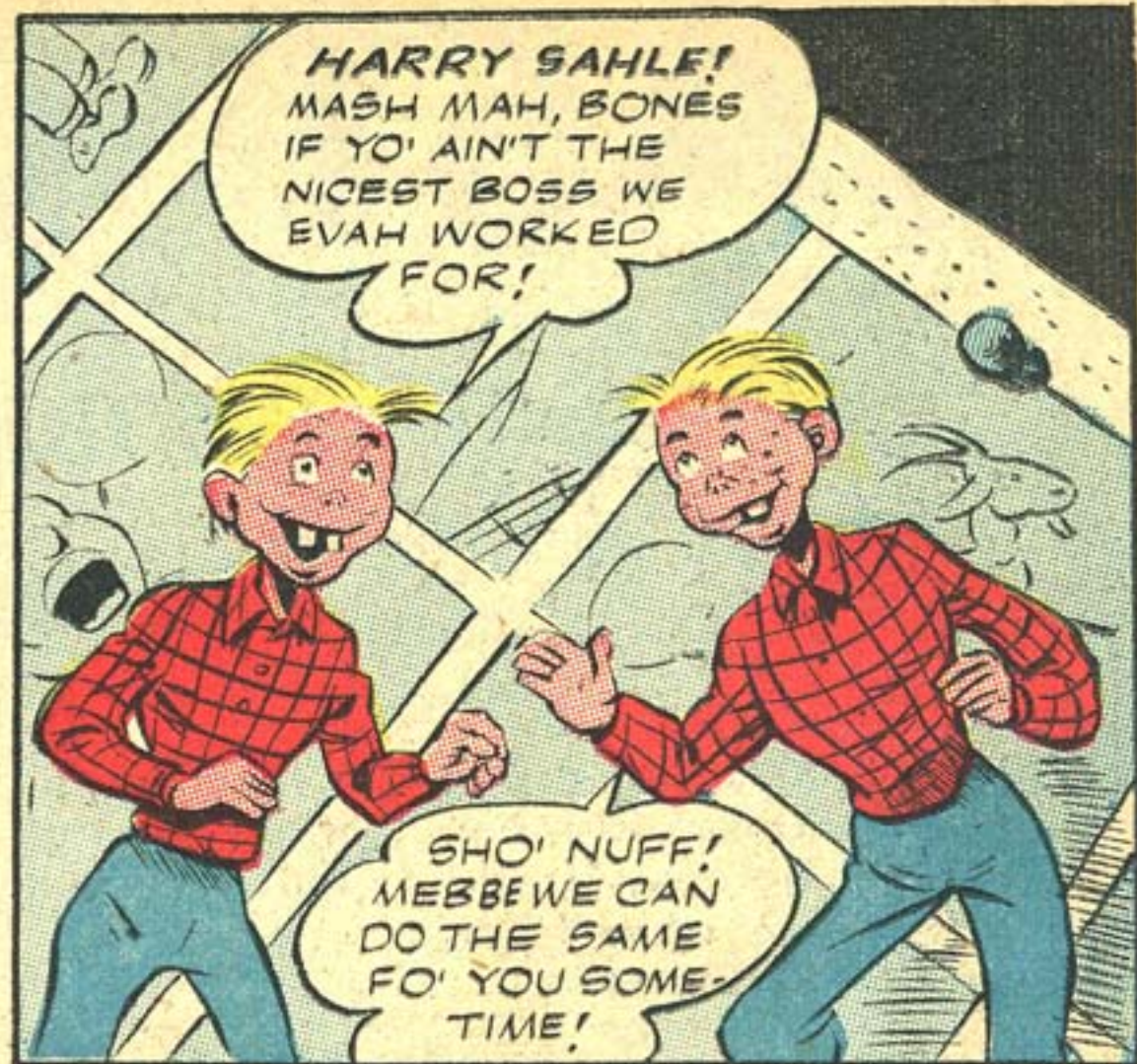
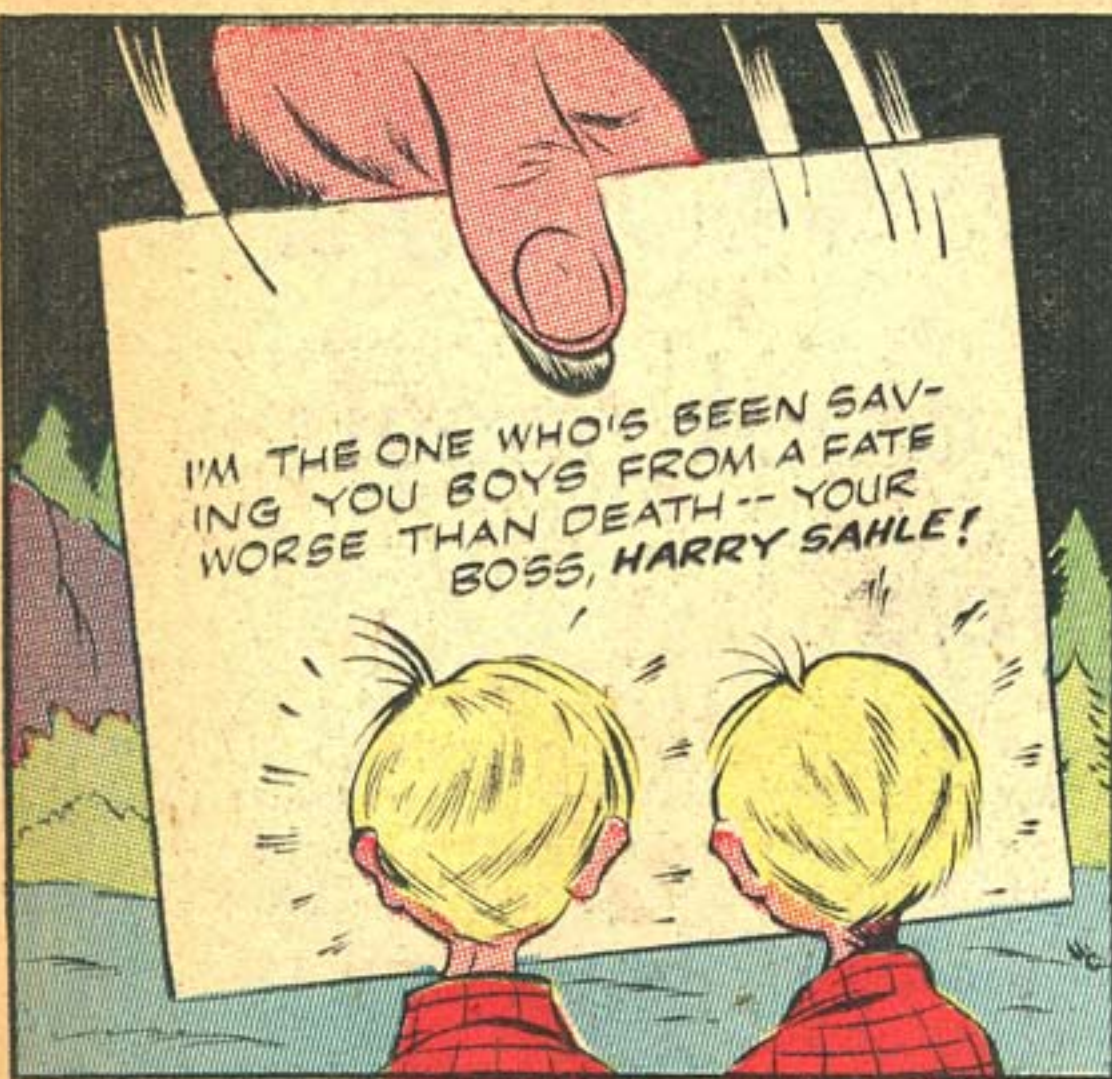
FRY MAH BONES! HIS HEAD'S BEEN BASHED IN ALL RIGHT, YUK, YUK!

YUP! BUT WHO DID IT!



YO' GOT ME! 'PEARS LIKE SOMEBODY'S JEST AS ANXIOUS FO' US NOT TO MARRY UP WIF THEM MEASLES TWINS AS WE ARE!

NOBODY ELSE COULD BE THAT ANXIOUS! BUT WHO'S BEEN SAVIN' US?



LAST LAUGH

*wherein a smart crook meets
his betters*

SKEETS SAMPSON walked into Mac's Diner, according to plan, and sat down at the left. It was ten to midnight and the diner was empty.

Suddenly the swinging doors, behind the center of the counter, flapped open. A small, blond man, with white coat and apron, came in.

"What'll yuh have?"

"Bacon an' eggs," ordered Skeets.

He pulled his black fedora over his eyes and kept his head lowered. The next moment stars burst in his head. The right hand of the counterman, encased in brass knuckles, had crashed against his chin.

When he had regained consciousness, ten minutes later, he was lying on the kitchen floor.

A groan from the left attracted his attention. A white-capparisoned man was seated in a chair, bound and gagged. Skeets released him.

"Thanks, pal," said the fellow. "Did that mug get you too?"

"He didn't miss," snapped Skeets. "But he overlooked two fifties in my watch pocket. All he got was eight singles, even. Say, what is it all about?"

"Must be the same guy who slugged me. He come in here about twenty minutes before you. Ordered ham an' eggs. Next thing I knew I was smacked on the conk. Lucky I had only a few bucks in the till."

"I thought Valley Center was a nice, quiet town. Or is this the tough neighborhood?"

"It aint the neighborhood," said the other. "It's the tough eggs that come in it. This is the second time I been tapped off in two weeks. I'm gettin' scared. My health ain't so good. I should be in Arizona. If I could find a buyer I would sell this jernt at a terrible sacrifice."

"Who's Mac?" asked Skeets.

"Me. I'm Mac. And I got this trap all paid up last month. Costs me a even grand. I'd sell out for half, if I could find some guy I could trust to send me the payments."

Skeets Sampson did some quick thinking. Perhaps he could make a deal with this sap, pay a little down and, when the chump got out in Arizona, he'd keep stalling him off for the other payments. Meantime, some other sucker would drop in and buy the joint from Skeets. Swell setup!

"Live here in Valley Center?" asked Mac.

"Nope," said Skeets. "I'm headed for California."

"What's your line?"

"Oh, a little of everything. Last job I had was bouncer in a New York night club."

"Ever work in a greaseteria, like this?"

"Sure; twice. But it ain't no profit working for the other guy. If you have your own joint, okay."

"How'd you like to take this one over?" asked Mac.

"That ain't the question," said Skeets. "I'd like it swell, but I ain't got the dough to take it over."

"How much can you lay down on the line?" went on Mac.

"All I have is two fifties, one hundred berries."

Mac scratched his head and did some figuring on a paper napkin.

"Tell you what I'll do," said Mac. "I'll turn the joint over to you for one hundred down, and you can easily send me fifty a month, until the whole five hundred is paid. That, so help me, is half price. I got a nice trade and all you gotta do is shove them some service."

"I'll go you," said Skeets. "Scribble me out a bill of sale."

Mac found a sheet of paper and wrote out a crude legal document.

"This just says that you paid me one hundred bucks," explained Mac. "And that you agree to pay fifty a month for the next eight months. Brother, you got a bargain!"

"I need one," said Skeets. But in the back of his mind he knew there would be no more payments. He'd hook some passing sucker for at least \$500, cash, then head for California.

"The milkman comes around at four," said Mac. "Get ten milk and five cream. Bread and

cake guy lands at four-thirty. Get fifteen white and about five rye, one whole wheat. The meat feller comes about five. This town loves hamburgers. Get fifteen pounds. I buy vegetables from three or four different fellers. Use your own judgement on that."

Mac put on his hat and coat.

"Well, so long and good luck," he said. "I think I'll be pulling out at daylight on the bus. It's gonna be Arizona or bust!"

"Drop me a line as soon as you get settled," said Skeets.

"Okay," said Mac and walked out.

Skeets began to examine his bargain. Swell! How could he lose? No one knew him in Valley Center. And if nobody bought the joint from him he could always stall off the payments until Mac came rushing back from Arizona to yell for his dough. A great relief permeated the spirit of Skeets Sampson. He'd no longer have to dodge the cops. His last diner hold-up had been pulled three states to the east. Here in Valley Center he would be considered a respected and honorable citizen and businessman. Boy, what a feeling!

He opened the refrigerator and found some ham and baloney. About two pounds of butter was on the lower shelf. The joint, thought Skeets, was not overstocked. He'd have to order a load of things. He cut himself a fat slice of ham, placed it between two pieces of rye bread, and began to eat.

It was after 6 a. m. when the first customer arrived. At least, Skeets mistook him for a patron. He was a small ruddy-faced man, with several freckles on his pudgy nose.

"Where's Sweeney?" asked the caller.

"Who's Sweeney?" demanded Skeets.

Before replying the stranger squinted at Skeets suspiciously.

"Sweeney," he said, "is the man who bought this place from me two months ago. He paid me fifty dollars, down, and he was to pay fifty a month until one thousand dollars was paid. But he ain't made no second payment, yet."

"You mean Mac, not Sweeney!" snapped Skeets.

"Mac—hell!" snorted the little fellow. "I'm Mac!"

Skeets' brain began to buzz. So he was the sucker, after all!

"Say, what is this?" yelled Skeets. "It looks like the old runaround! I just bought this joint from the guy who says he was Mac!"

"Really!" sniffed the little lad. "How do I know that you and Sweeney ain't working together? Nobody ain't never took me for a chump. I think I just better call the cops and have you looked over. Run-around, hey? I think I'm the one who's getting the run-around!"

The mere mention of cops made the blood of Skeets freeze. He had been caught once. His very first job, and his fingerprints were in the tender care of the FBI.

"Well," said Skeets, "where do I stand on this phony deal? I paid that mug one hundred dollars, real dough!"

"Can I help it if you need a keeper? Anyway, I still think you and that guy are working together to gyp me out of my restaurant!"

"Okay, okay," said Skeets. "If it's your jernt, it's your jernt. But listen, I ain't got a dime. Honest, I can't even get out of town!"

For a long moment Mac looked thoughtful.

"Well," he said finally, "I have decided to give you a break. If you promise to beat it out of town right away I'll stake you to ten bucks."

Just then the Chicago-Los Angeles bus stopped across the street.

"For seventy-fifty," went on

Mac, "that bus will take you to California. Going or staying?"

"Going!" said Skeets. "Gimme the ten."

He grabbed his hat and coat and walked to the door.

"Well, s'long," Skeets said. "S'long," echoed Mac. "Don't forget to keep your nose clean!"

Skeets boarded the bus and took a middle seat. "Boy," he mused, "am I a prize sap!"

One hour later, two gentlemen sat in the kitchen of Mac's Diner. In the right hand of the freckled-nose bird were nine ten-dollar bills.

"There's ten for you," said he, "and there's ten for me. There's ten for me and—(say, next time don't soak a guy so hard, that simp was almost gone)—and there's ten for you—"

Quietly the kitchen door, directly in back of the two men, opened slowly. Quietly, also, the buxom figure of Sheriff Josiah Jonesby tiptoed in. As he reached the table, his two large and chubby hands streaked out like a pair of serpent's tongues and grabbed the ninety dollars.

"Now, gents," began Sheriff Jonesby, "I'll just take this as part payment on your past-due notes and also in the name of the law and John Patrick MacKilligan, the original Mac. More, since your record ain't so bright I have also been requested to take this place over at once and likewise immediately."

"What —" began freckle-nose.

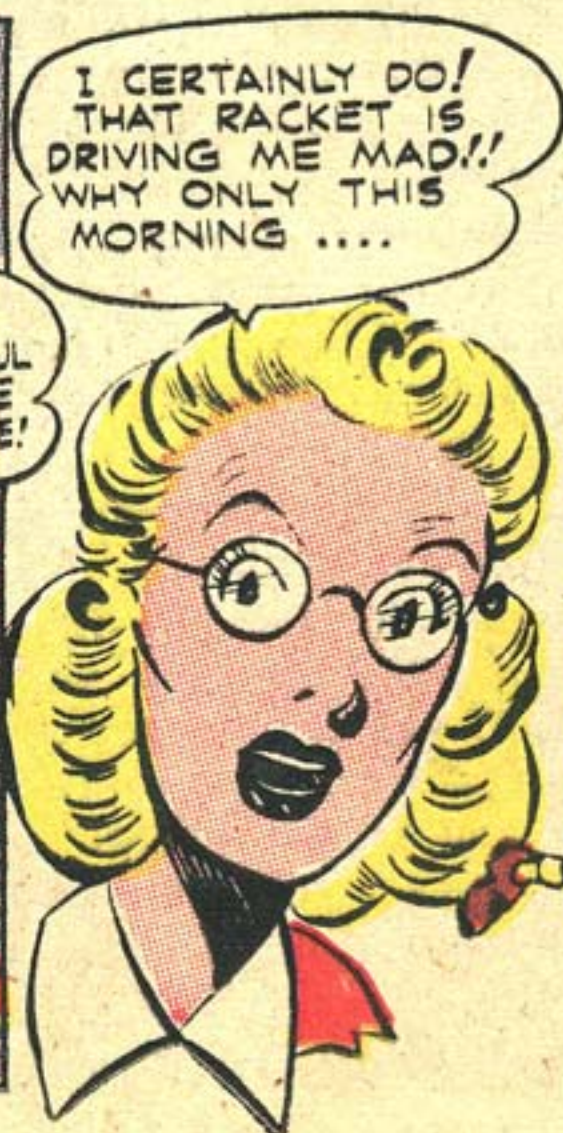
"Say—" mumbled the other.

"Furthermore and to wit," went on the sheriff, without noticing the interruption, "I would suggest that you take the next bus out of Valley Center. Going or staying?"

The two gentlemen exchanged knowing glances across the table.

"Going!" they said, as one man.

Ginger



My Dear Ginger Snapp.
 We and my band accept
 with pleasure your invitation
 to play at your freshman prom.
 Your fee is okay too, especially
 since I can stay with your
 family, and won't have to
 foot any hotel bills..
 Terrifically yours
 Andy Clive
 and his
 JIVE FIVE





OH, SO, YOU'RE GINGER'S OLD MAN? PRESS THE **FLESH**, KID!

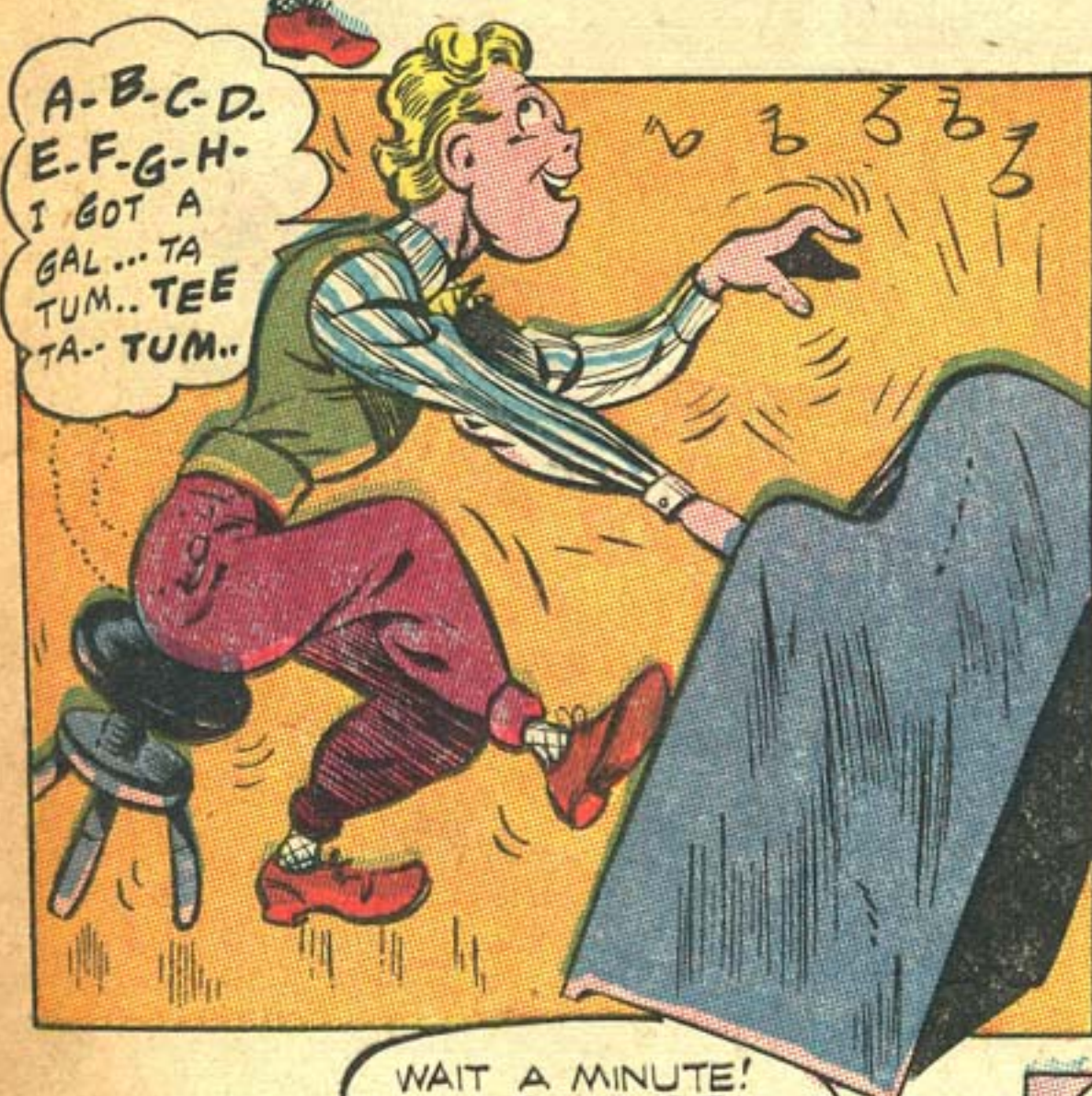
OW!



WHAT A NOISY INDIVIDUAL!

NOISY?.. HE'S A HUMAN BOILER FACTORY!

WELL, CUT MY LEGS OFF AND CALL ME **SHORTY!** A **PIANO!**



A-B-C-D.
E-F-G-H.
I GOT A
GAL... TA
TUM.. TEE
TA- TUM..



GINGER!
WHAT ON EARTH
ARE YOU
DOING?



WAIT A MINUTE!
I GOT AN IDEA
FOR A ONE MAN
BAND! WATCH
ME!

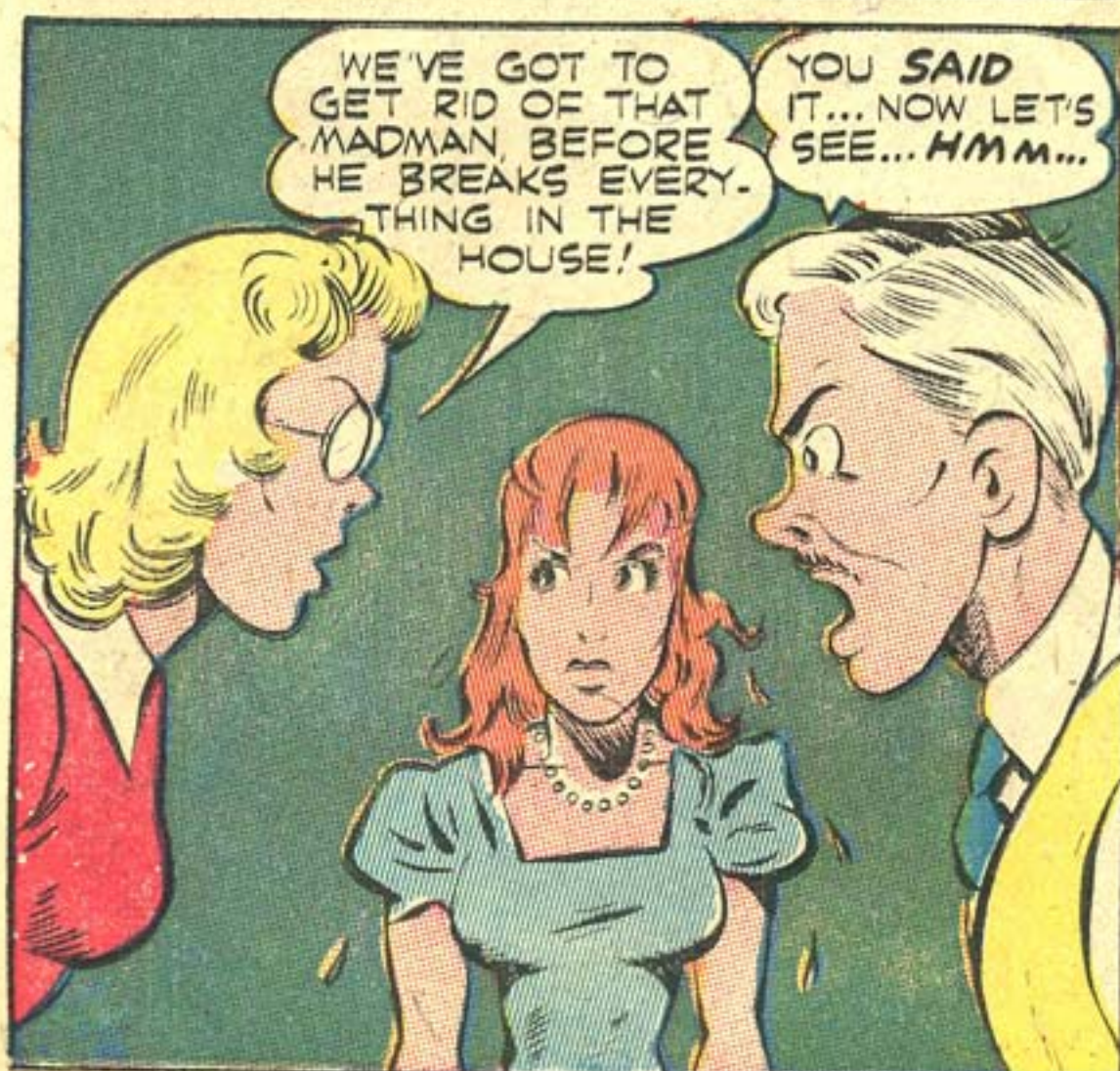


OH, HEAVENS!
HE'LL BREAK
ALL OUR
DISHES!

COME ON,
GINGER, GET
HEP!!

CLINK

GLANK



A LITTLE LATER...

AHHH-H-H-H-H...
THAT OUGHT
TO WORK!

OH.. MOTHER..
I FEEL.. JUST
AWFUL!

MY DEAR..
YOU'VE GOT
THE MEASLES!

MEASLES
???

MEASLES
?

HA-A-L-P!
I NEED FUMI-
GATING
FAST!

THAT NIGHT
AT THE
FRESHMAN
PROM...

HOW D'YA LIKE
THAT! I NEVER THOUGHT
GINGER'D GET, MAESTRO
METRONOME, FOR
OUR PROM!

FUNNY! I
ALWAYS
THOUGHT
GINGER
WAS A
JITTERBUG!

MRS. SNAPP I
THINK GINGER
DESERVES TO BE
COMPLIMENTED!

GOSH, POP!
EVERYONE'S
HAVING SUCH
A WONDERFUL
TIME!

YEAH! EVEN
MY HEAD
FEELS BETTER
NOW !!

HAVE YOU ENTERED THE CONTEST, EVERYBODY IS
TALKING ABOUT? THE ONE IN **TOP NOTCH**
LAUGH COMICS? **EVERYBODY WINS! NO-**
BODY LOSES! GET YOUR COPY TODAY!

LOOK FOR THIS PICTURE ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!.....
IT WILL BE ON THE COVER OF THE LATEST SHIELD-WIZARD.....
SHIELD-WIZARD #10
ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND RIGHT NOW BRINGING WITH
IT "THE RETURN OF THE HUN" IN A TALE THAT WILL
LIVE FOREVER IN YOUR MIND!!!



ZIP'S

Hall of Fame

I'LL SHOW ALL THESE "SCREWBALLS!"

OUT OF THIS WAR, FOR FREEDOM HAVE COME MANY YOUNG HEROES! BOYS IN THEIR TEENS WHO HAVE SHOWN THAT THEY FEEL THEIR YOUTHFULNESS IS NO BARRIER TO SERVING THEIR COUNTRY AND THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE! "ZIP'S" HALL OF FAME IS PROUD TO BRING YOU THE AMAZING STORY OF ONE TEEN-AGE HERO..GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING.. THE "SCREWBALL" OF MALTA...

THE STORY OF GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING STARTS IN A CANADIAN AIR-FORCE ENLISTING POST, ABOUT A YEAR AGO!...

ALL RIGHT, YOUNG MAN, YOU CAN GO IN FOR YOUR EYE EXAMINATION, NOW!!

SORRY, BEURLING, BUT YOU'RE TOO NEAR-SIGHTED FOR THE AIR FORCE! BETTER TRY SOME OTHER BRANCH OF SERVICE!

XCWB
ADPIN
VSTUG
RMOJ
KBFY



LISTEN, DOC, I HAVE ONE GREAT LOVE AND ONE GREAT HATE! I'M CRAZY ABOUT FLYING, IT'S MY WHOLE LIFE! AND I CAN'T STAND ALIVE NAZIS! SO SOMEHOW I'M GOING TO COMBINE THE TWO! I'VE GOT TO!!

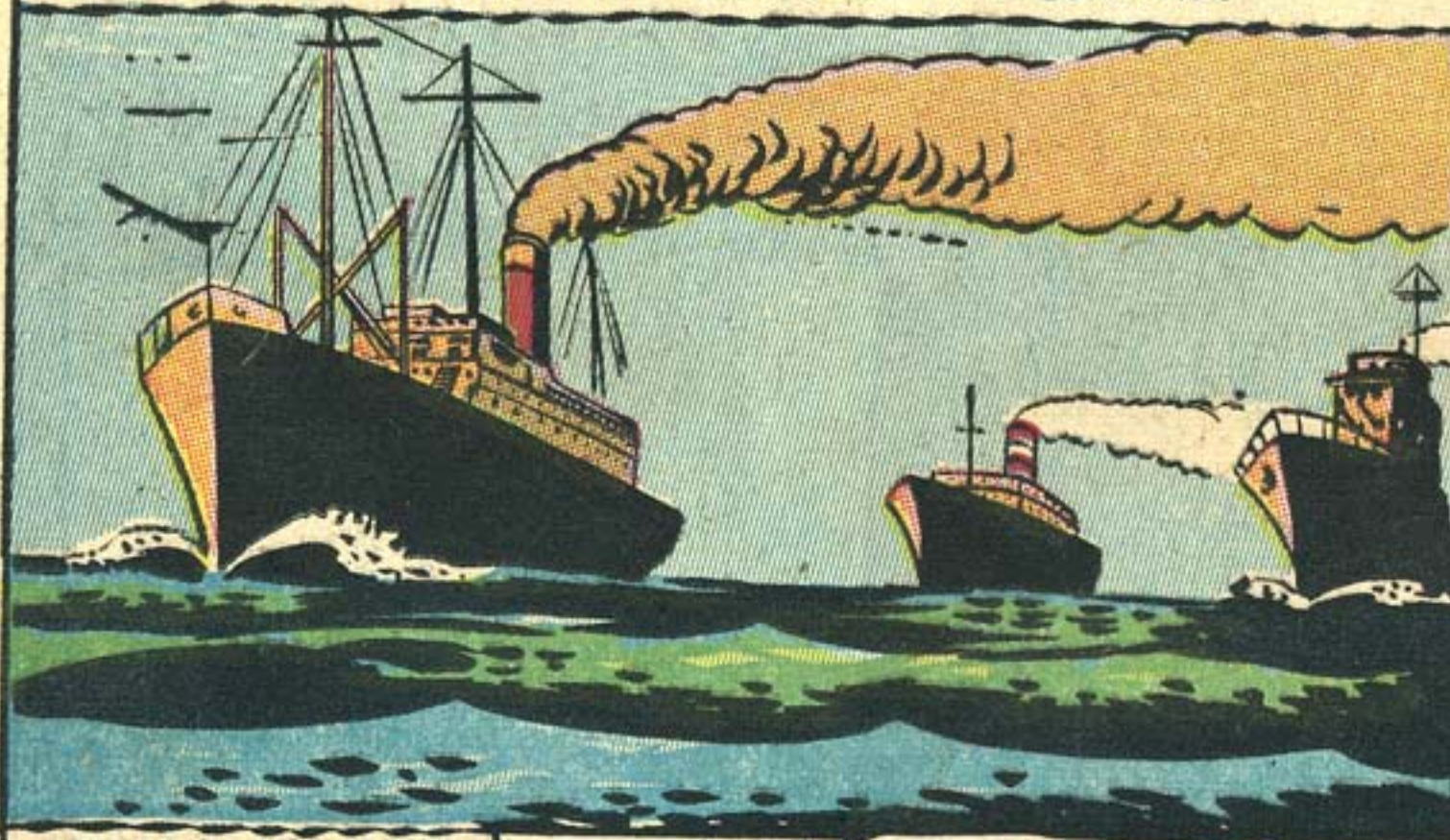


GEORGE THEN INFORMS HIS PARENTS OF HIS PLAN!
THIS IS HOW I'LL GET THOSE 'SCREWBALL' NAZIS! I'M GOING TO SHIP ON A FREIGHTER TO ENGLAND, AND ENLIST IN THE R.A.F.



SO YOU WANT TO ENLIST AS CABIN BOY, EH, SON? WELL, Y'KNOW IT'S VERY DANGEROUS WORK, WITH ALL THEM SUBMARINES IN THE WATERS!

GEORGE STARTS HIS LONG VOYAGE ACROSS THE OCEAN ABOARD A SHIP THAT PLOWS THROUGH SUB-INFESTED AREAS WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CONVOY...



WELL, SON WE'VE FINALLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND! LOTS OF LUCK, LAD!

GEORGE HEADS FOR THE NEAREST R.A.F. RECRUITING STATION...

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

I'M EIGHTEEN, SIR!

SORRY, BEURLING BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET YOUR PARENTS' SIGNATURES BEFORE YOU CAN SIGN UP IN THAT CASE!

BUT, SIR, I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM CANADA TO JOIN UP. THAT'S WHERE MY PARENTS ARE!

I SYMPATHIZE WITH YOU, BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO! THAT'S THE LAW!

I'M NOT DEFEATED YET! I'LL SHIP BACK ON ANOTHER FREIGHTER AND GET THEIR CONSENT!



ONCE AGAIN LUCKY BEURLING BRAVES THE DANGER OF THE SUBMARINE - INFESTED ATLANTIC ABOARD A FREIGHTER...

GEORGE'S PARENTS COOPERATE WITH HIM...

GOD BLESS YOU, MY SON! YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE PROUD OF YOU! WE'RE HAPPY TO HAVE OUR BOY SERVING SO GREAT A CAUSE!

THOSE SCREWBALL NAZIS WILL HEAR FROM ME, YET! WAIT TILL I GET A CRACK AT THEM!

To whom it may concern

Mr. D. Beurling

WELL, IF IT, H'AIN'T YOUNG BEURLING! YOU JUST SHIPPED TO ENGLAND! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

CAPTAIN, I HAD TO GET MY PARENTS' CONSENT BEFORE I COULD JOIN THE R.A.F.! CAN I GO BACK TO ENGLAND AGAIN ON YOUR SHIP?

FOR THE THIRD TIME, GEORGE CROSSES THE ATLANTIC.. BUT THIS TIME!

SUB SIGHTED!

FOR STRAINED MINUTES, THE FATE OF GEORGE'S SHIP IS UNDECIDED!.. THE CONVOY ZIG-ZAGS, IN AN EFFORT TO SHAKE OFF THE ENEMY!.. FINALLY THEY SUCCEED...

AFTER THREE HAZARDOUS MONTHS, FROM THE TIME HE FIRST SAW ENGLAND GEORGE IS ONCE AGAIN ON ENGLISH SOIL...

WELL, CAPTAIN, THAT R.A.F. RECRUITING STATION HAD BETTER BE READY FOR ME! FOR THAT'S THE FIRST PLACE I'M GOING! THEN THE "SCREWBALLS" BETTER WATCH OUT!

GOOD FOR YOU, BEURLING! FRANKLY, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU BACK! BUT YOU'RE MADE OF THE STUFF WE NEED IN THE R.A.F.

JOIN

HALF A YEAR LATER GEORGE F. BEURLING HAS EARNED HIS WINGS...

PHILIP O' MALLEY,
STANLEY POST,
GEORGE FREDERIC
BEURLING, JAN
GOODMAN !!

I CAN'T BELIEVE, MY CHANCE
HAS FINALLY ARRIVED! WAIT'LL
I GET MY PLANE AND MEET
A COUPLE OF THOSE
'SCREWBALL'
NAZIS!

YOU MEN ARE
GOING TO OPERATE
IMMEDIATELY FROM
OUR AIR BASE IN
MALTA!

OH, BOY!
WE WILL!

I WANTED
SOME HEAVY
FIGHTING
AGAINST
THOSE
'SCREWBALLS!

BEURLING ARRIVES WITH THE OTHER
PILOTS, AS MALTA IS UNDERGOING MANY
OF ITS AIR RAIDS...

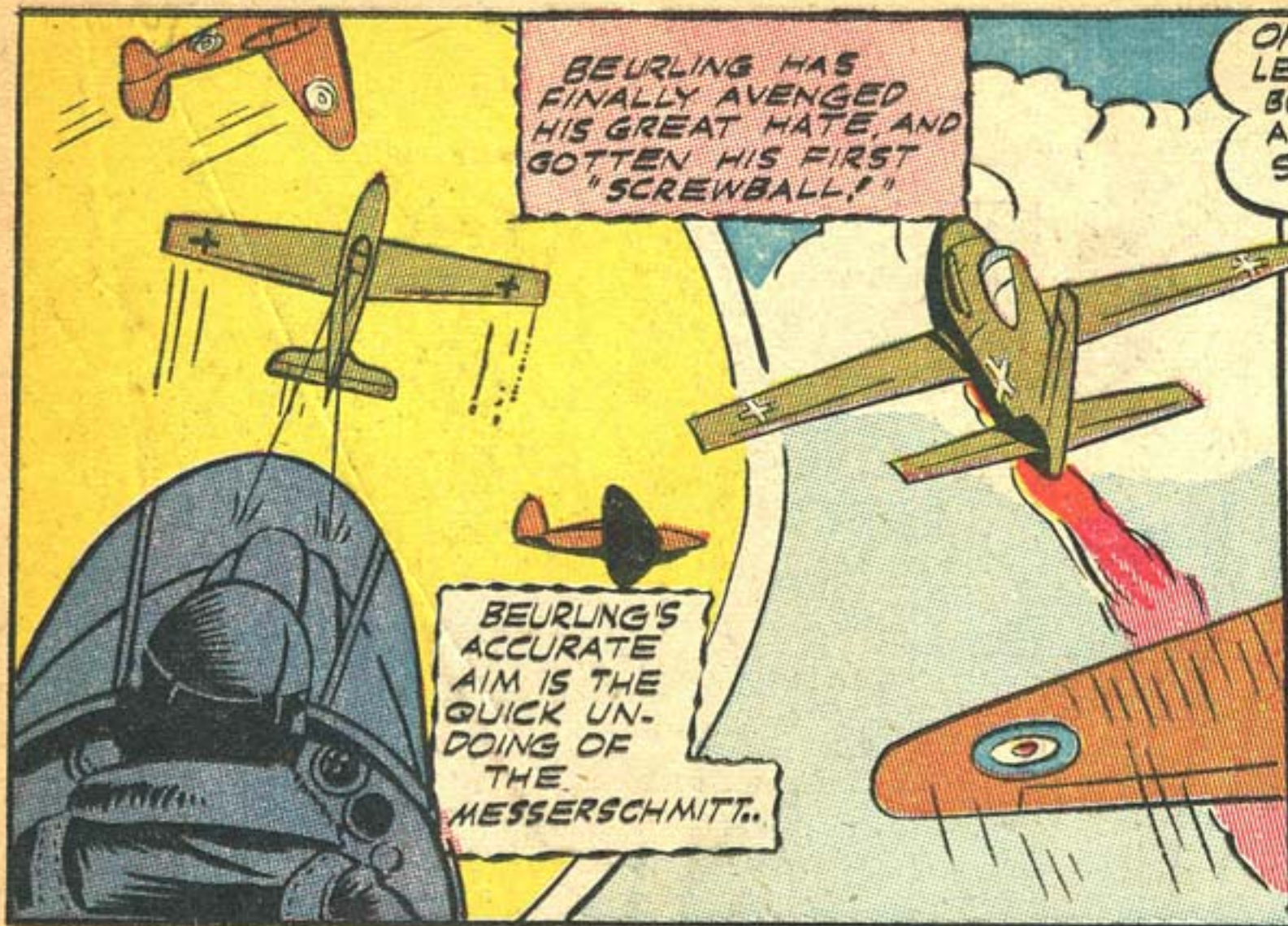
C'MON MEN, WE'RE
GOING INTO
ACTION
IMMEDIATELY!

WELL, HERE IT GOES!
NAZIS, SCREWBALLS,
GET OUT OF MY WAY
'CAUSE I'M COMING!

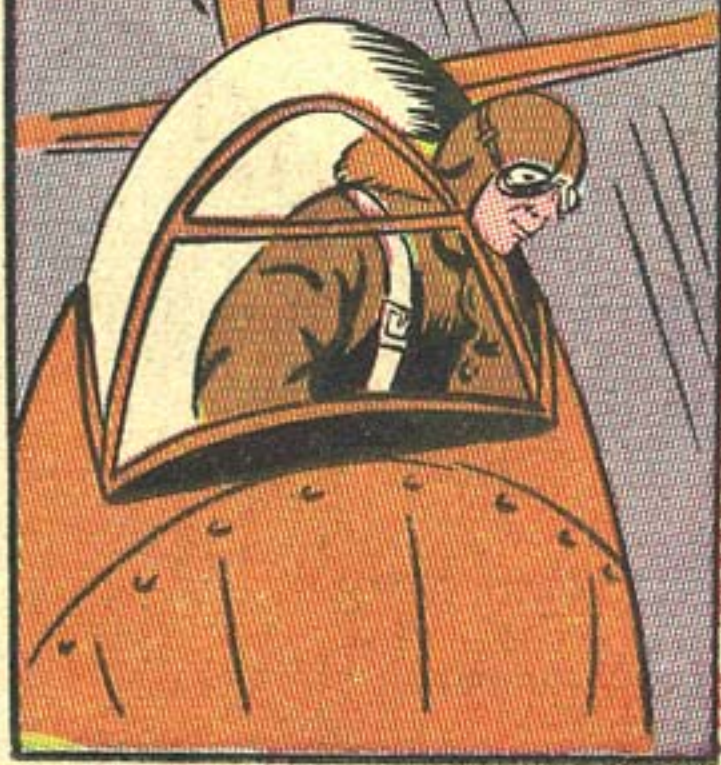
BEURLING EXPERTLY LIFTS HIS PLANE
INTO THE AIR TO TAKE HIS DESIGNATED
PLACE IN THE FORMATION...

THE EXPERTLY
TRAINED R.A.F.
PILOTS ENTER
INTO THE BATTLE..

BEURLING GETS
ON THE TAIL OF
A GERMAN
MESSERSCHMITT...



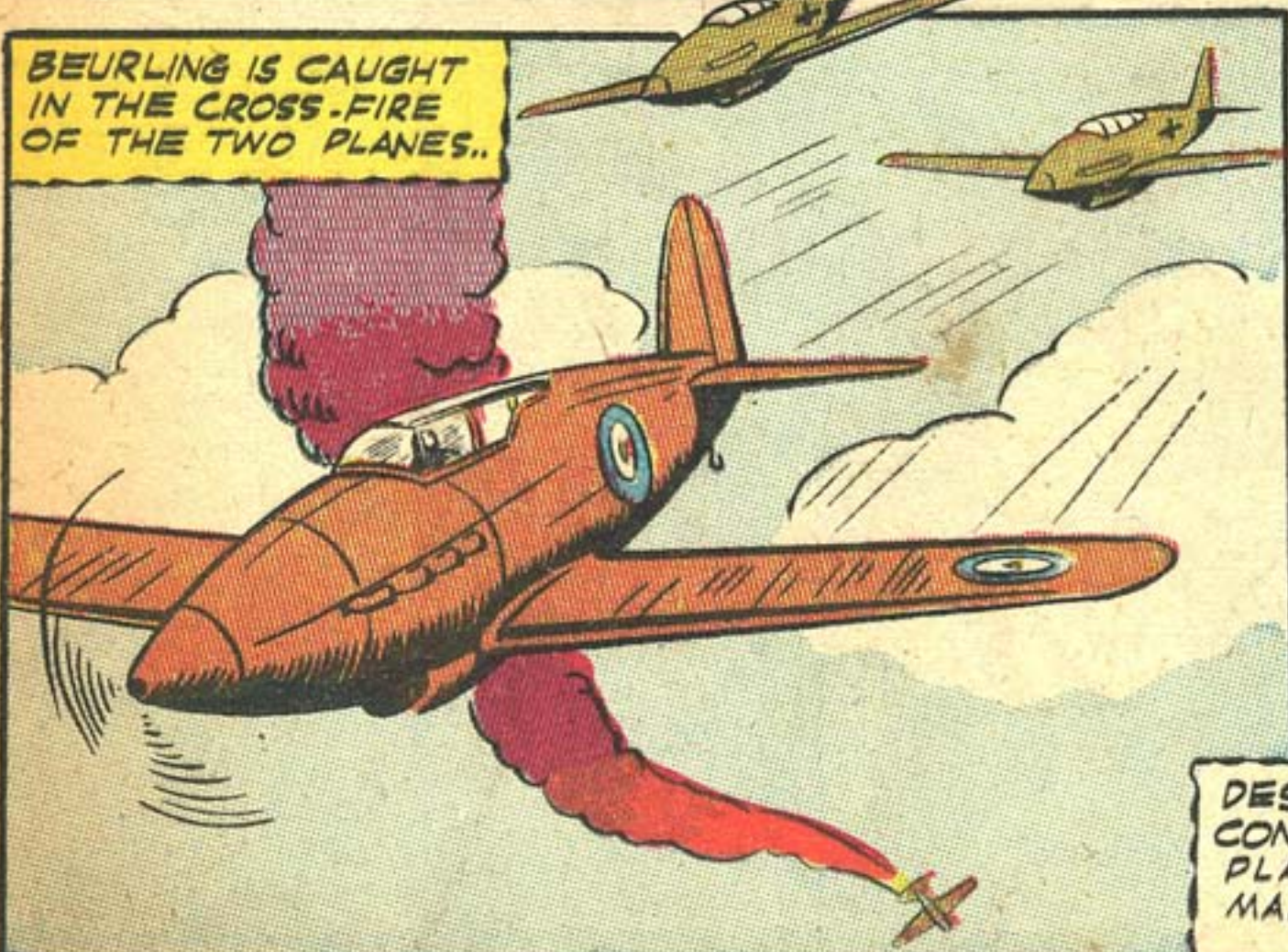
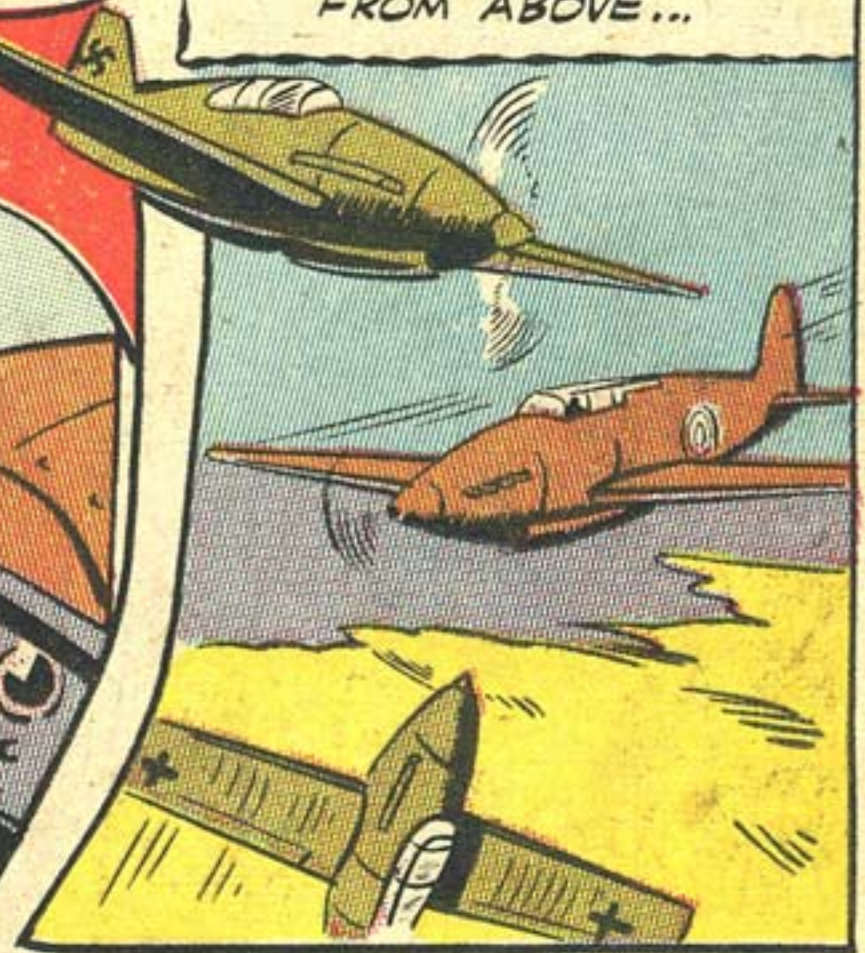
ONE MORE 'SCREWBALL' LESS IN THIS WORLD!.. BOY I WISH MOM AND POP COULD SEE THIS!



BEURLING'S ACCURATE AIM IS THE QUICK UN-DOING OF THE MESSERSCHMITT..

I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT "SCREWBALL" BEHIND ME! I DON'T LIKE HIS POSITION!

ANOTHER NAZI PLANE SWOOPS DOWN ON BEURLING FROM ABOVE...



BEURLING IS CAUGHT IN THE CROSS-FIRE OF THE TWO PLANES..



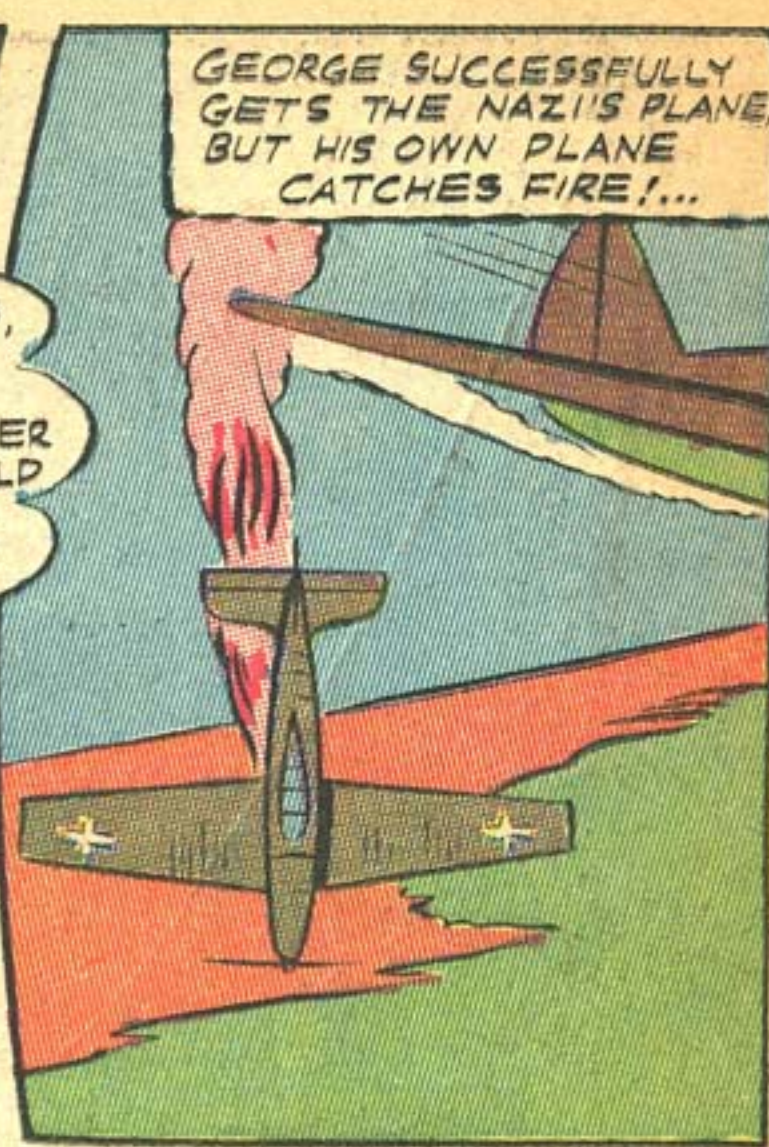
DESPERATELY HOLDING ONTO THE CONTROLS, ALTHOUGH BOTH HE AND HIS PLANE HAVE BEEN INJURED...BEURLING MANAGES TO SHAKE OFF THE NAZIS...



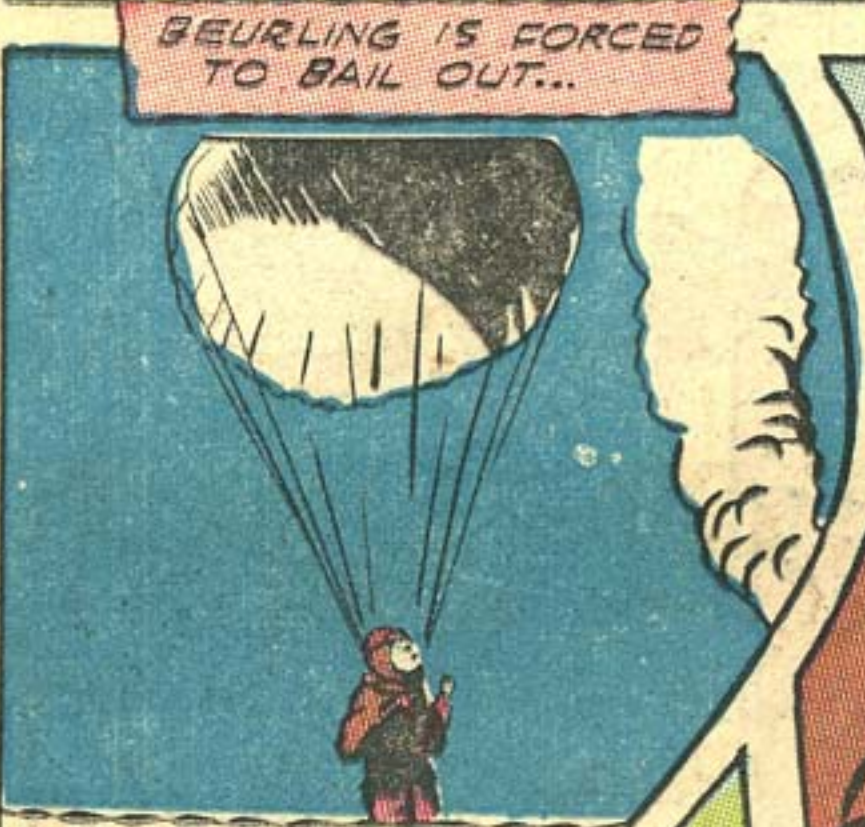
I GUESS I BETTER BRING THE PLANE DOWN NOW, AND SEE HOW DAMAGED SHE IS!



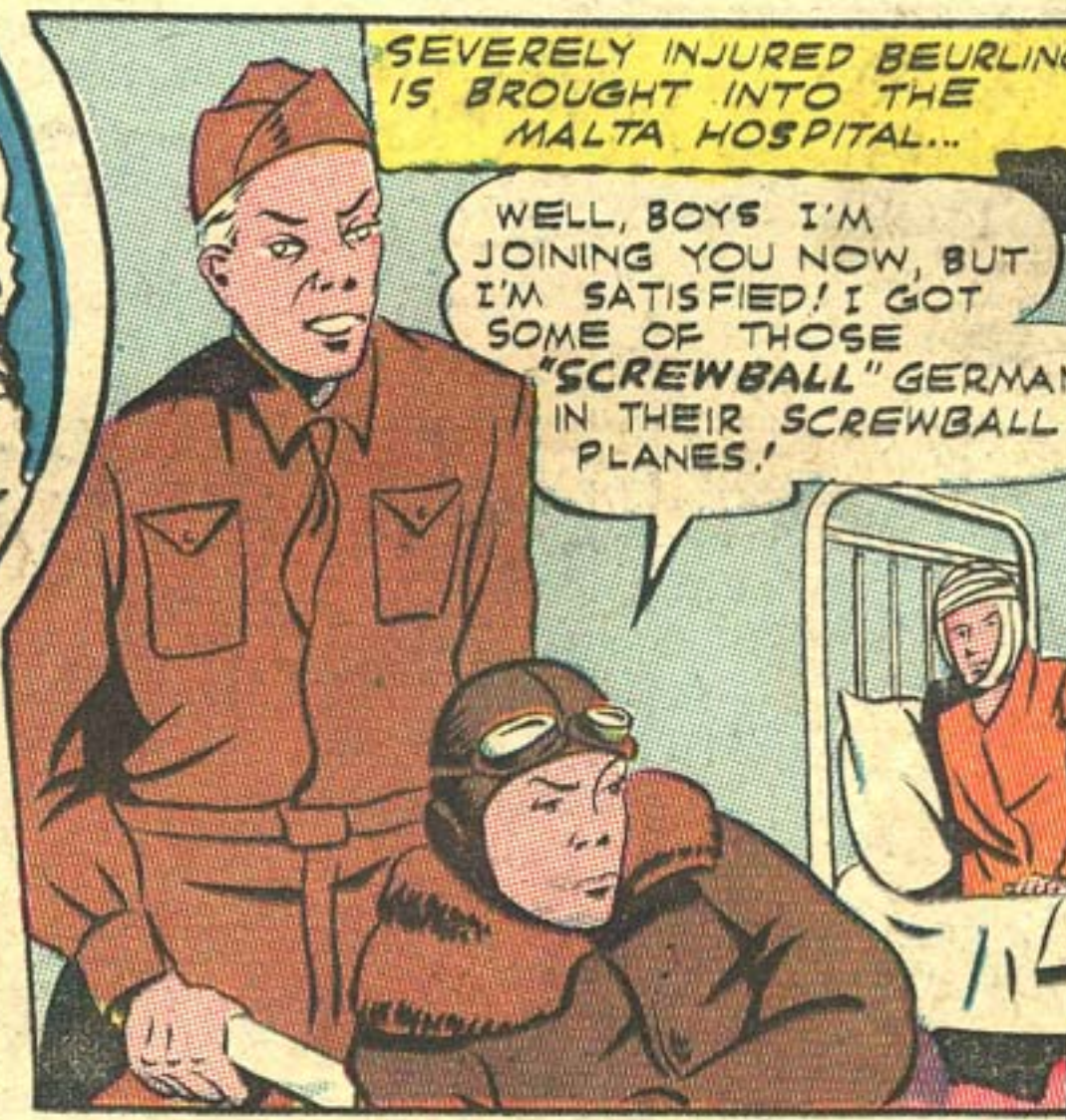
OH, OH! MICHAELS, OUR SQUADRON LEADER IS BEING PURSUED! I'D BETTER SEE IF I CAN HELP HIM! NO TIME TO LAND NOW!



GEORGE SUCCESSFULLY GETS THE NAZI'S PLANE, BUT HIS OWN PLANE CATCHES FIRE!...



BEURLING IS FORCED TO BAIL OUT...



SEVERELY INJURED BEURLING IS BROUGHT INTO THE MALTA HOSPITAL...

WELL, BOYS I'M JOINING YOU NOW, BUT I'M SATISFIED! I GOT SOME OF THOSE "SCREWBALL" GERMANS, IN THEIR SCREWBALL PLANES!

SO, FOR HIS BRAVERY, AND COURAGE, GEORGE FREDERICK BEURLING HAS BEEN AWARDED THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CORPS MEDAL...



HEY, LISTEN TO THAT KID BEURLING TALK! EVERYTHING IS 'SCREWBALL'! WHAT SAY WE CALL HIM THE "SCREWBALL OF MALTA!"

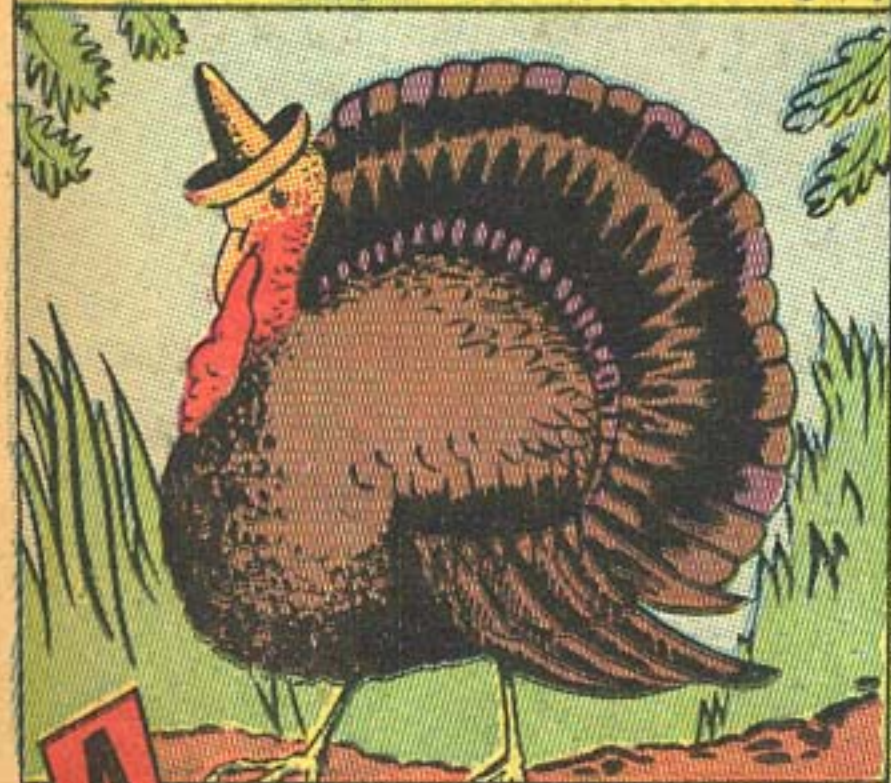
The
ZIP'S
HALL OF
FAME
IS PROUD TO
AWARD THE
PALM OF THE
MONTH TO
GEORGE
FREDERICK
BEURLING,
THE
"SCREWBALL"
OF MALTA!
HIS BRAVERY
SETS AN
EXAMPLE
FOR ALL THE
YOUTH IN THE
WORLD TO HONOR
AND FOLLOW!

WORLD WONDERS

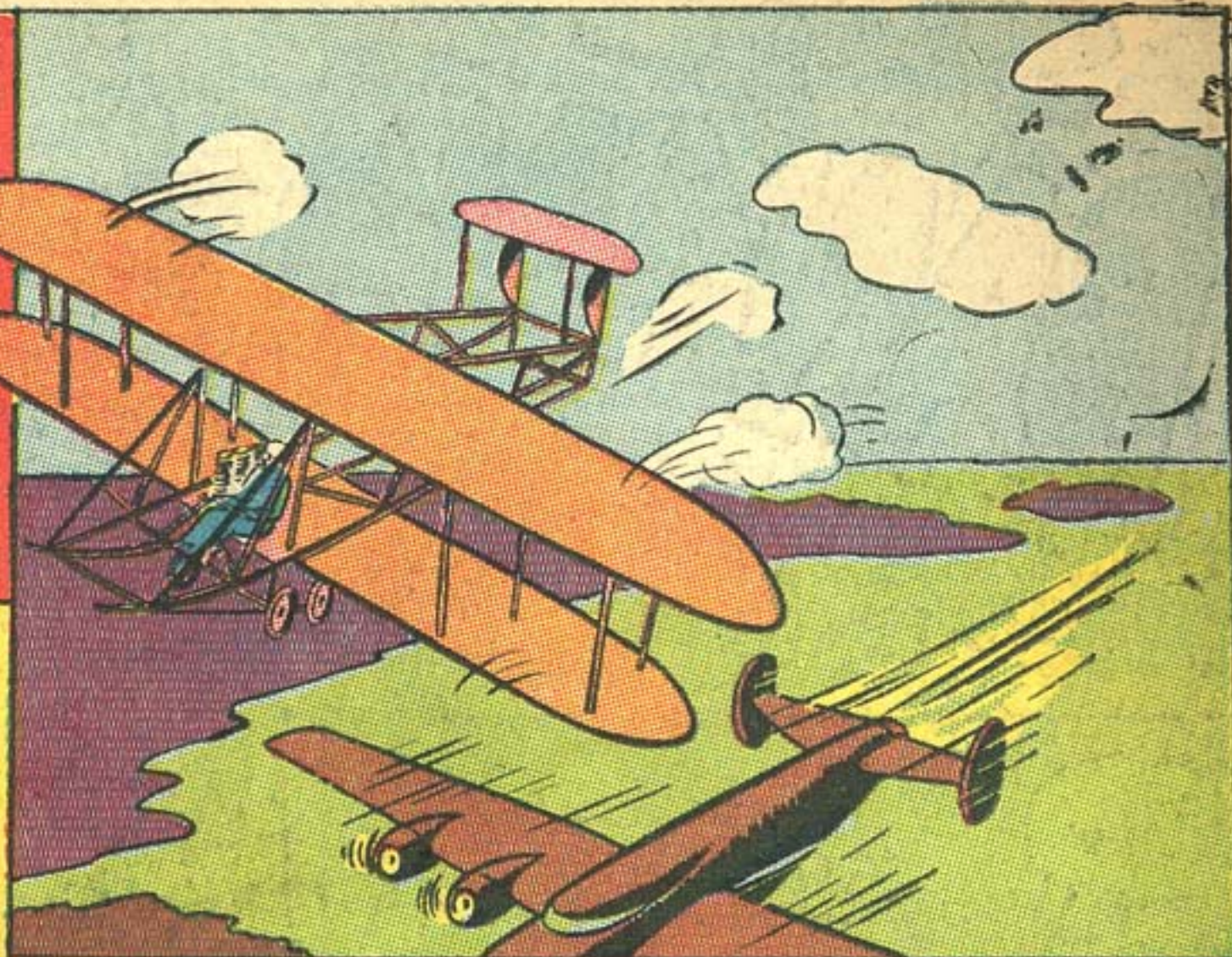


PEAS SPROUTING IN AN IRON KETTLE HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO LIFT A KETTLE AS HEAVY AS A MAN!

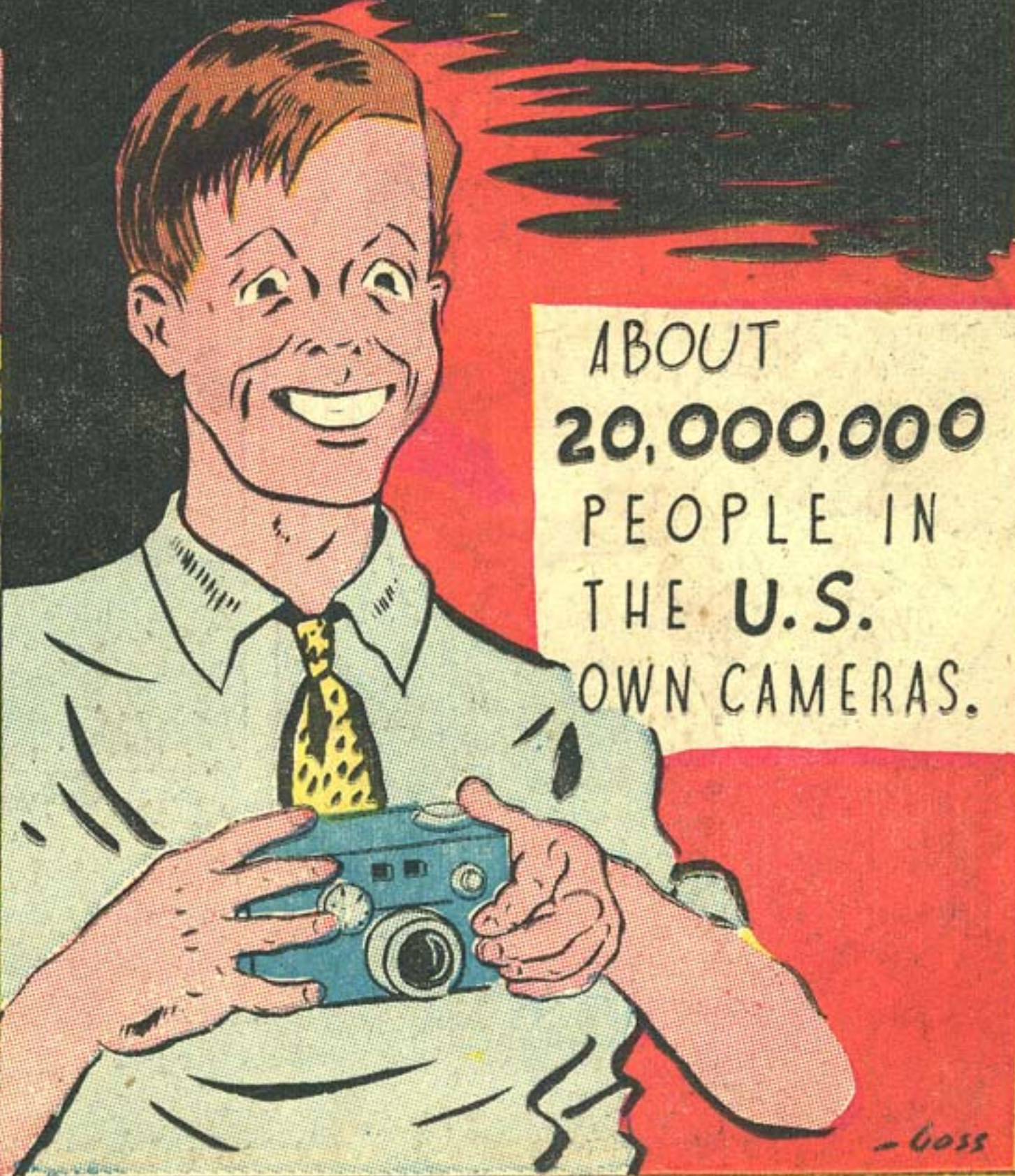
WELL WHAT DO YOU KNOW?



AMERICA'S THANKSGIVING TURKEY DIDN'T COME FROM NEW ENGLAND AT ALL BUT FROM MEXICO!



40 MILES AN HOUR WAS THE SPEED OF THE FIRST MILITARY PLANE BUILT BY WRIGHT BROTHERS IN 1907....IT COULD FLY A DISTANCE OF ONLY 125 MILES...THE BIG 4 ENGINED BOMBERS TODAY FLY OVER 300 MILES PER HOUR AND HAVE A RANGE OF 3000 MILES.



ABOUT
20,000,000
PEOPLE IN
THE U.S.
OWN CAMERAS.

SEÑOR BANANA

WHEN WE LAST SAW SENOR BANANA AND HIS PAL SENOR ODORA, THEY WERE IN A HECK OF A PICKLE! POISONOUS SPEARS WERE POINTING AT THEM... WHY OH WHY DID HE COME TO THE LAND OF THE MISSING LINK?



MOVE ALONG!

OH! AH AH! OH OH! EE HEE! STOP! Y... YOU'RE TICKLING ME!!



MY NAME EES SENOR BANANA! WHO ARE YOU?

WE ARE THE TRIBE OF THE NOSE-HUNTERS!



U LP! DID.. YOU.. SAY, NOSE-HUNTERS?



WALK! WE SHALL TAKE YOU TO OUR QUEEN!

DO NOT POINT! EET'S VERY RUDE!



CARAMBA! SUCH LUCK TO FALL EEN THE HANDS OF THEES SCHNOZZ-SLICERS!

GRARRR



WHAZZAT ??



THAT IS MUSSO, QUEEN OF THE TRIBE OF THE NOSE HUNTERS!!



GRR!



(GULP) WH... WHERE EES THE KING?

MUSSO CHOOSES HER OWN KING! WE ARE AWAITING HER CHOICE THIS VERY MOMENT!



FAREWELL SIESTA! THIS IS OUR FEENISH!

I ONLY HOPE THEY DO NOT BOIL US IN OIL! I HATE FRIED FOODS!



MUSSO HAS SPOKEN! SHE HAS FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOUR BANANA NOSE.. AND CHOSEN YOU FOR HER KING!

ME? (GULP) KEENG?

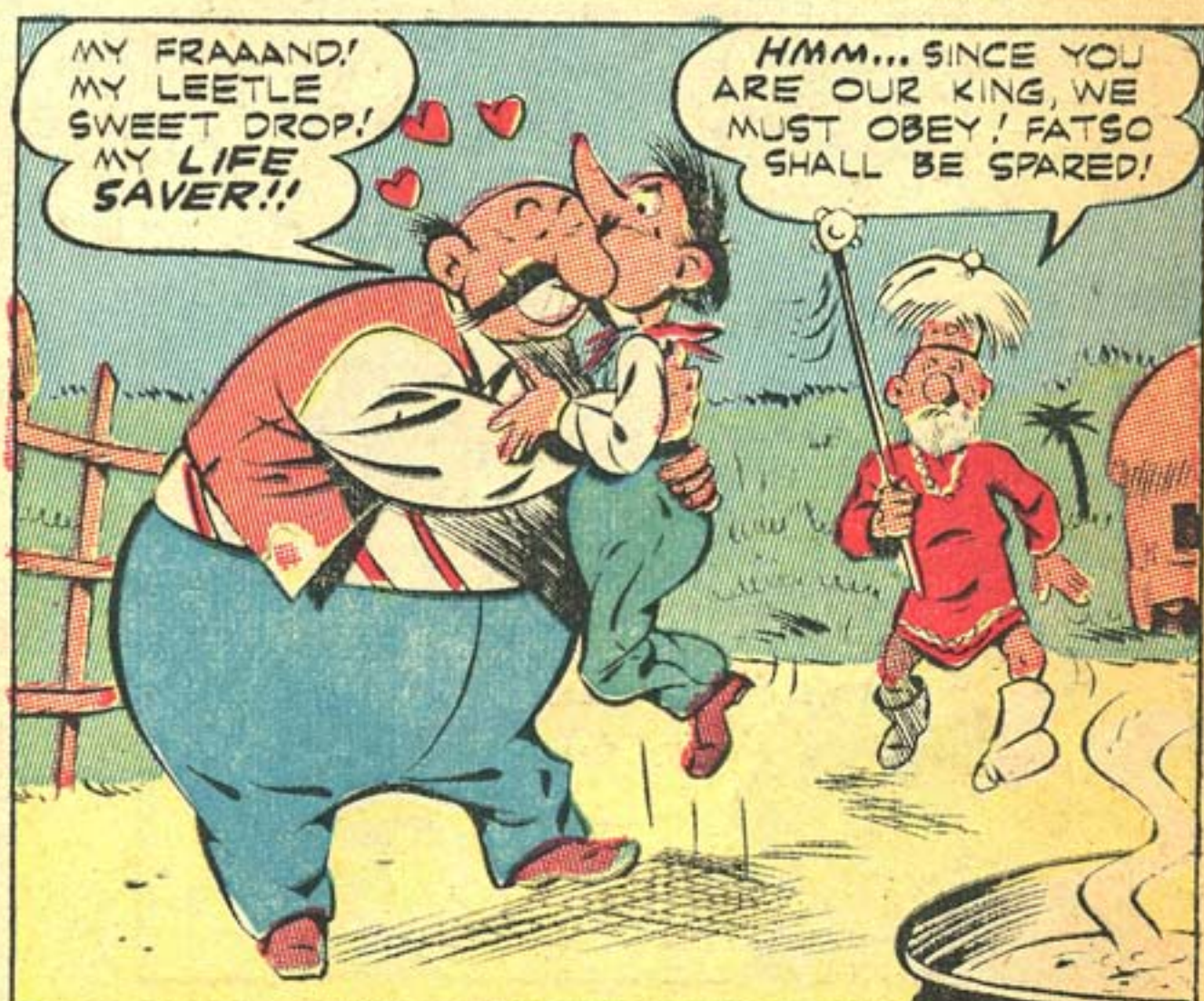
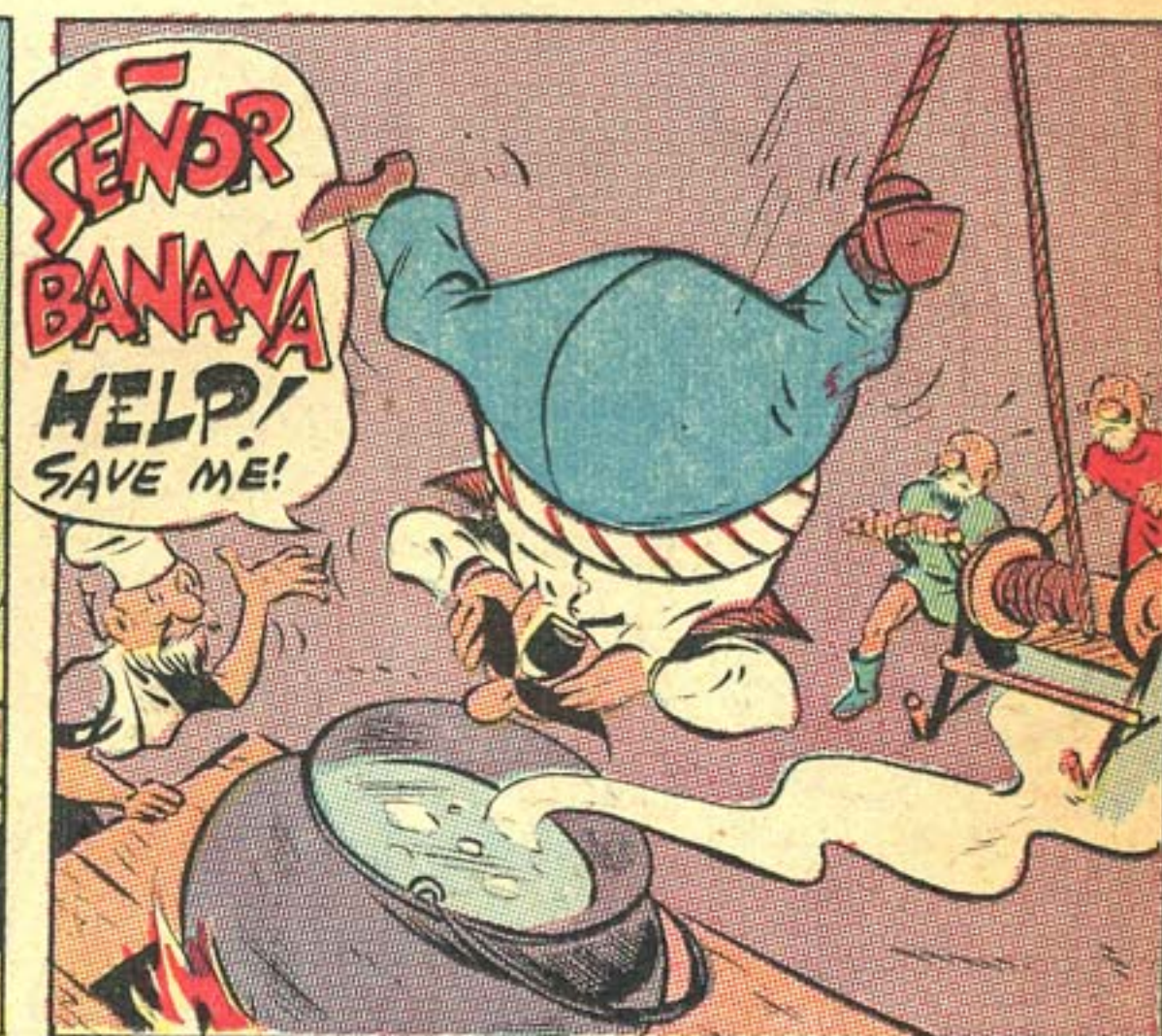
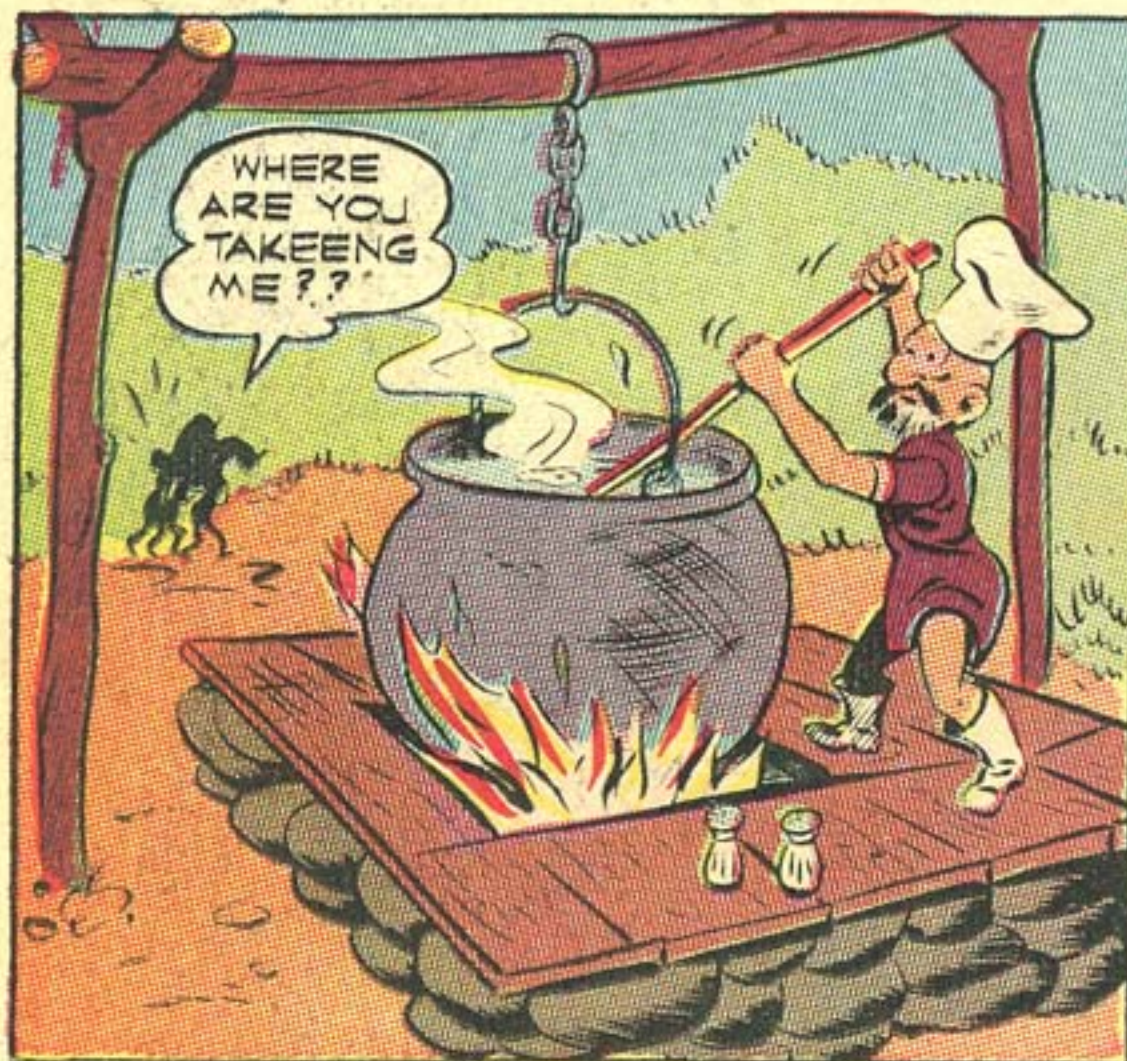


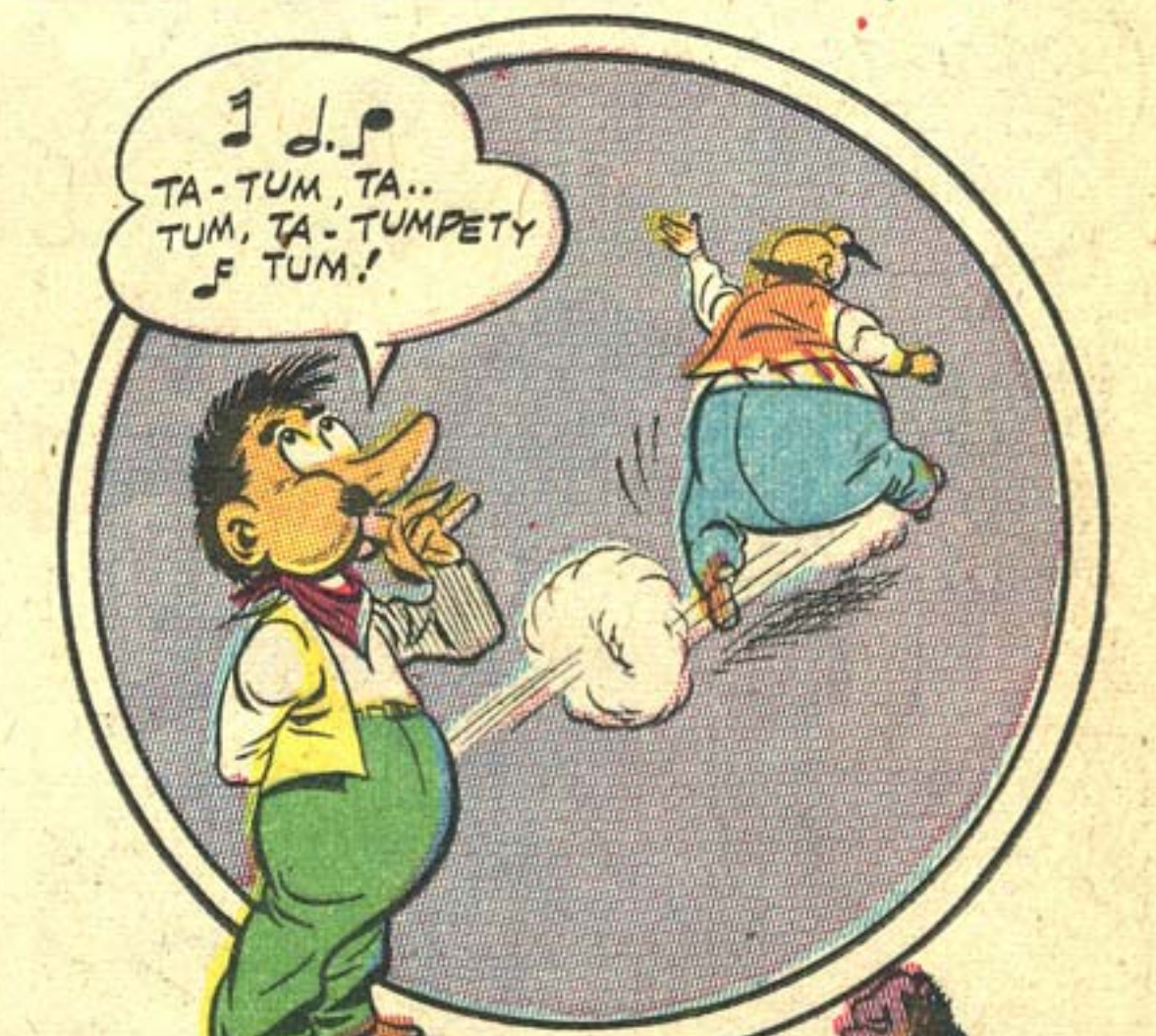
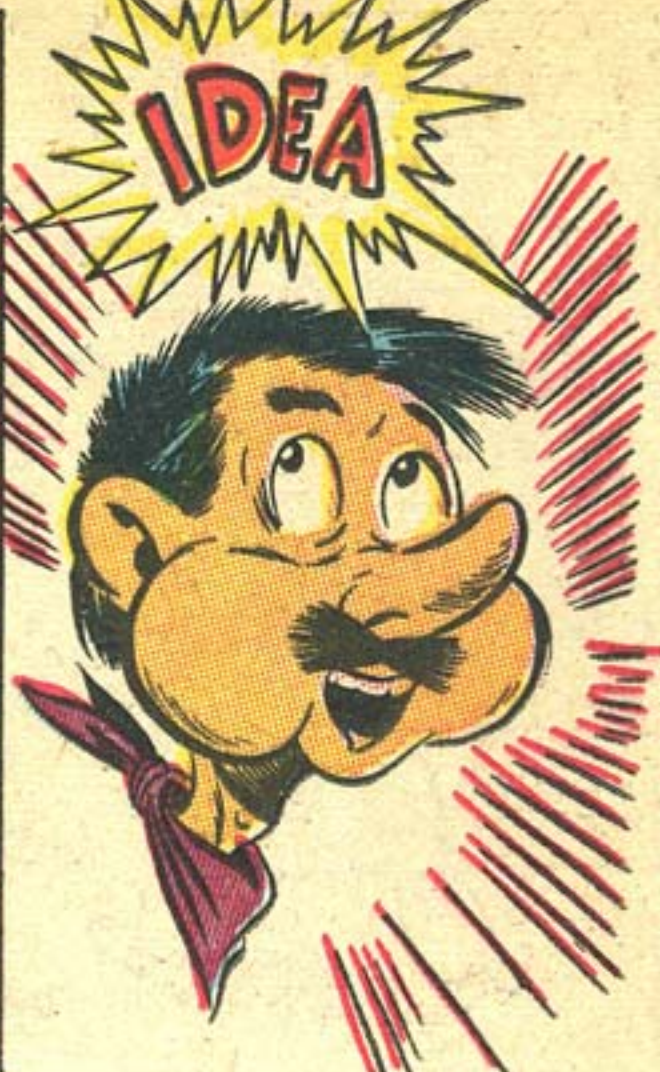
AHA! ZE SACRED DANCE FOR ME!



SUCH WONDRAIFUL LUCK! NOW WE SHALL EAT INSTEAD OF BEING EATEN!

AS FOR YOU FAT ONE!







PSST, ODORA!
VERY GOOD DEES-
GUISE! EVEN I
WOULD BE FOOLED
EET I DID NOT
KNOW DIFFERENTLY!
HA, HA, HA! HA!

?



G.GULP GRRRRRRRRRR



ODORA!
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO DO?
KEEL ME?

WRAH!
HAH!
HAH!



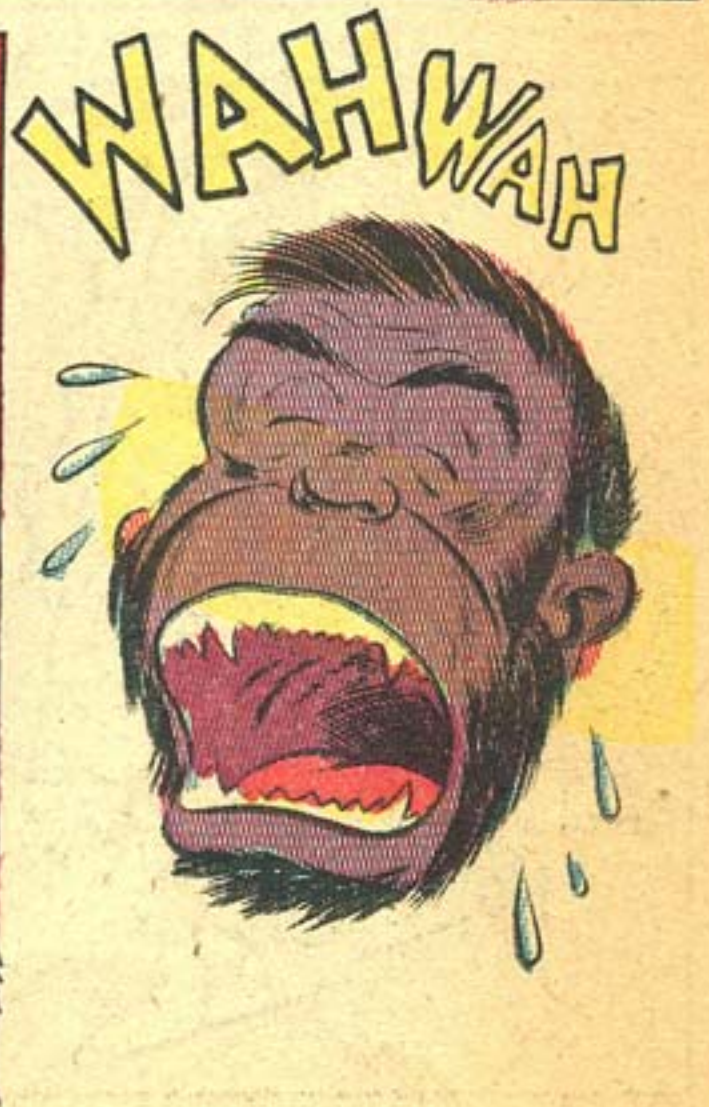
STOP EET!
YOU FIGHT TOO
ROUGH!!
AGR WUWPNETMA.



WHAT EES TOO
MUCH EES ENOUGH!
EENSULT MY
NOSE, WEEL
YOU!

?

SWACK



WAH WAH



A JOKE EES A JOKE! BUT TO TAMPER WEETH MY NOSE EES FAP FROM FUNNY!



HOORAY! HE HAS DONE IT! HE HAS CONQUERED MUSSO!!

THEENK NOTHEENG OF EET! EET WAS EASY!

HAIL, SEÑOR BANANA! KING OF THE TRIBE, OF THE NOSEHUNTERS!



AT THAT MOMENT.

SORRY I AM LATE, SEÑOR, BUT I COULDN'T FIND BROWN MOSS! WEEL THEES DO??



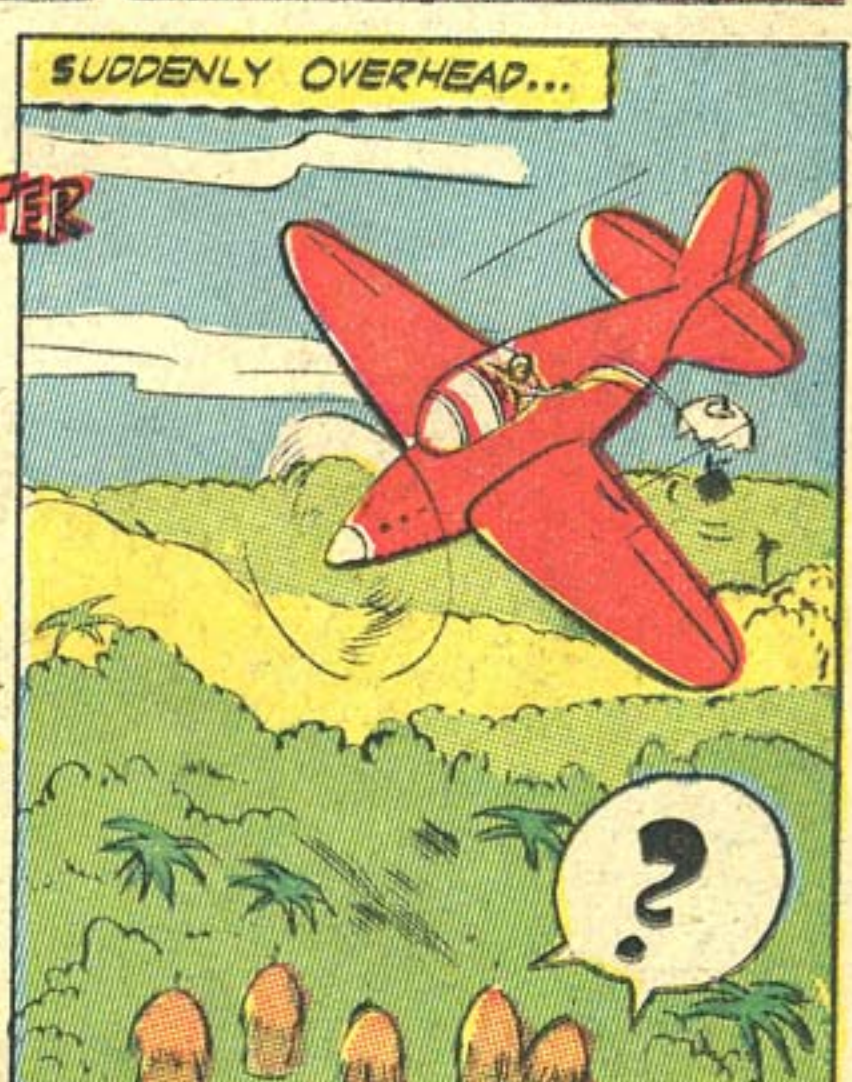
OWAH! I FEEL FAINT!

?



THE NEXT DAY...

KING of the NOSEHUNTER

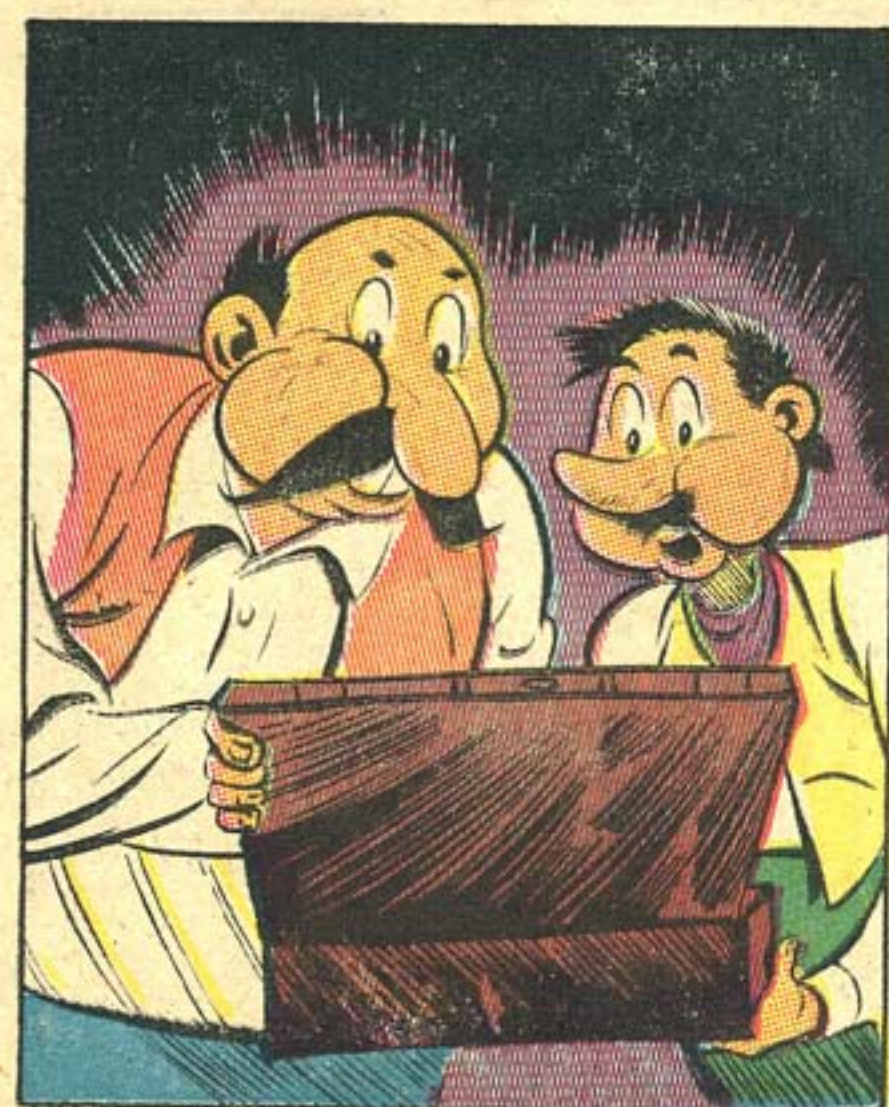


SUDDENLY OVERHEAD...

?



BONK



WHAT'S IN THE SUITCASE?

SAMPLES, SILK STOCKINGS, OR JUST STUFF?

WHAT ARE SEÑOR BANANA AND SEÑOR ODORA GAZING AT IN SUCH EXCITEMENT?

BE SURE TO GRAB YOUR NEXT COPY OF ZIP COMICS AND READ THE REMARKABLE TALE OF SUITCASE FROM THE SKY!

WILBUR

IT WON'T BE LONG
NOW BEFORE IT'S THE
FOURTH OF JULY-- BUT
THIS YEAR WILL BE
DIFFERENT, NO
FIREWORKS TO BE
FOUND IN ALL OF
WESTFIELD--- BUT
GOSH, YOU CAN'T
BLAME A
FELLA FOR

DREAMING!

Dear Folks,
Imagine me showing you how to avoid trouble. Will believe it or not that's exactly what I'm gonna do, but in my own way.
We all know that our country is gonna lick the Japs outta the Axis. But we can't let up for a minute. We gotta keep hitting 'em all the time until they cry uncle. That means buying War Bonds. Buy, Buy, Buy! It'll hurt the Japs a lot more than us. Keep outta trouble by keepin' those bullets in trouble all the time.

Your pal,
Wilbur

Your pal,
Wilbur

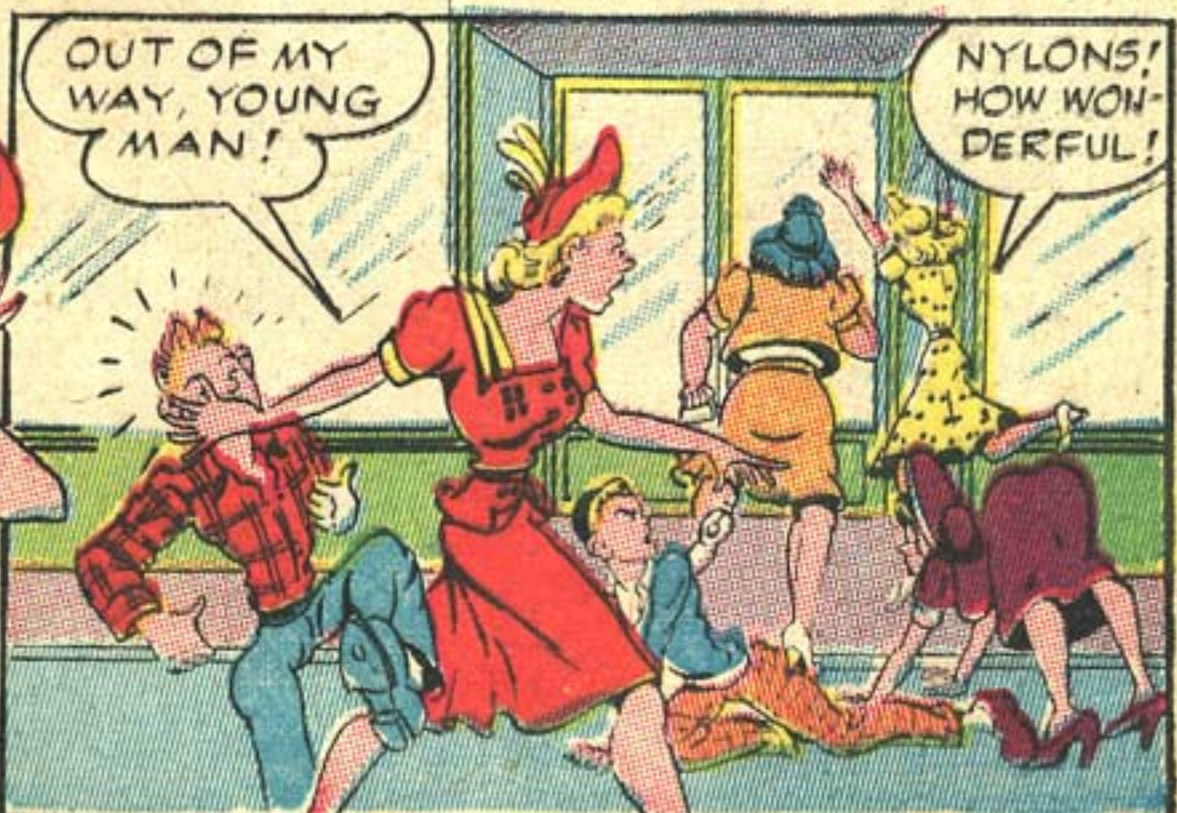
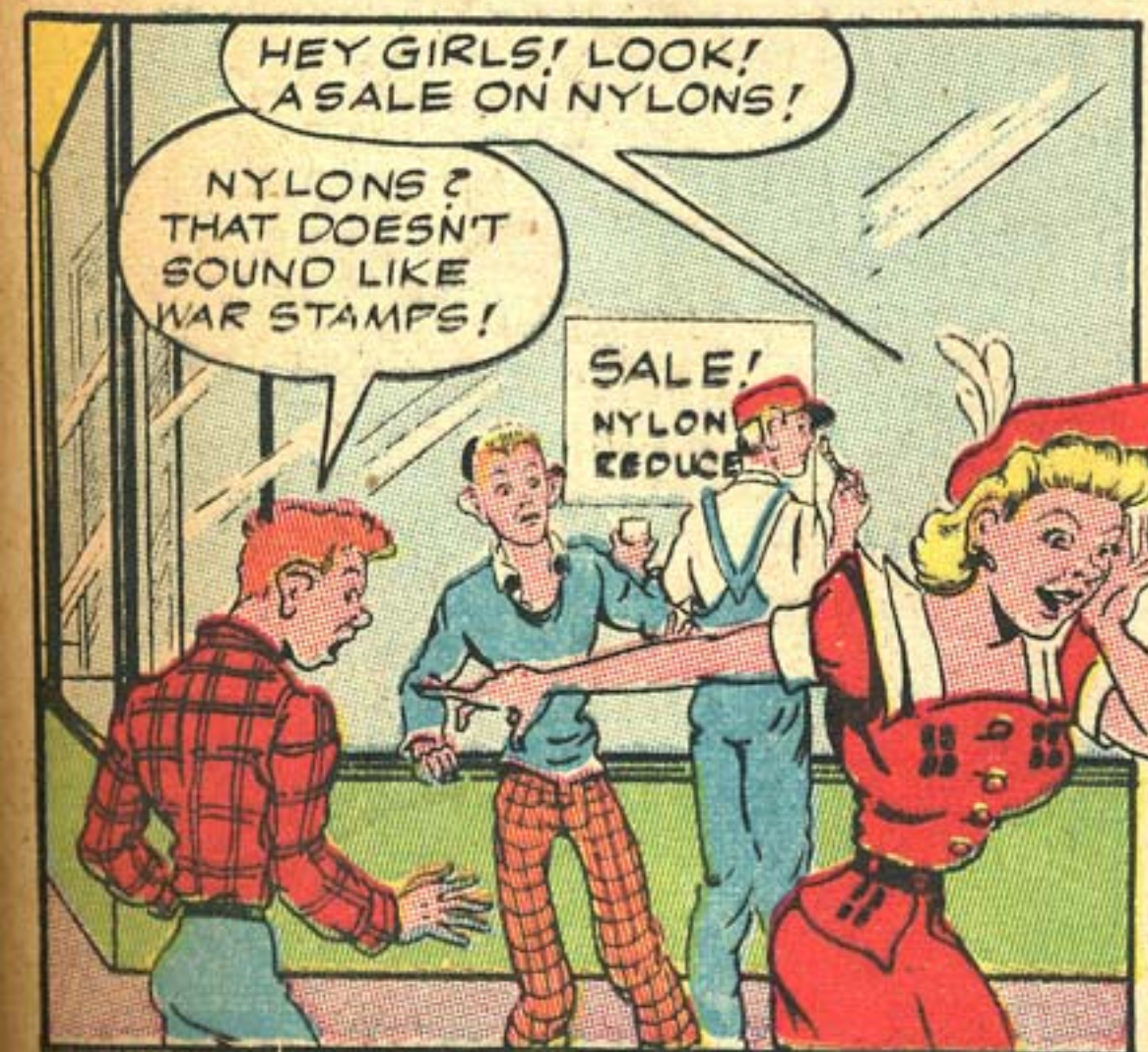
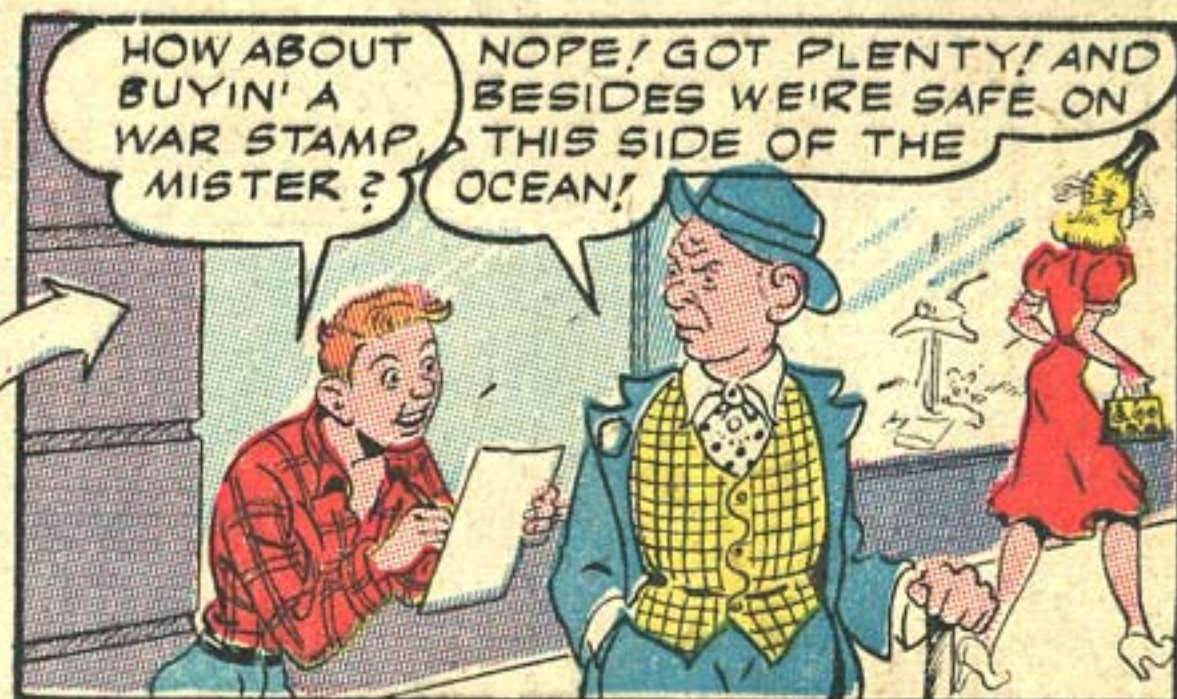
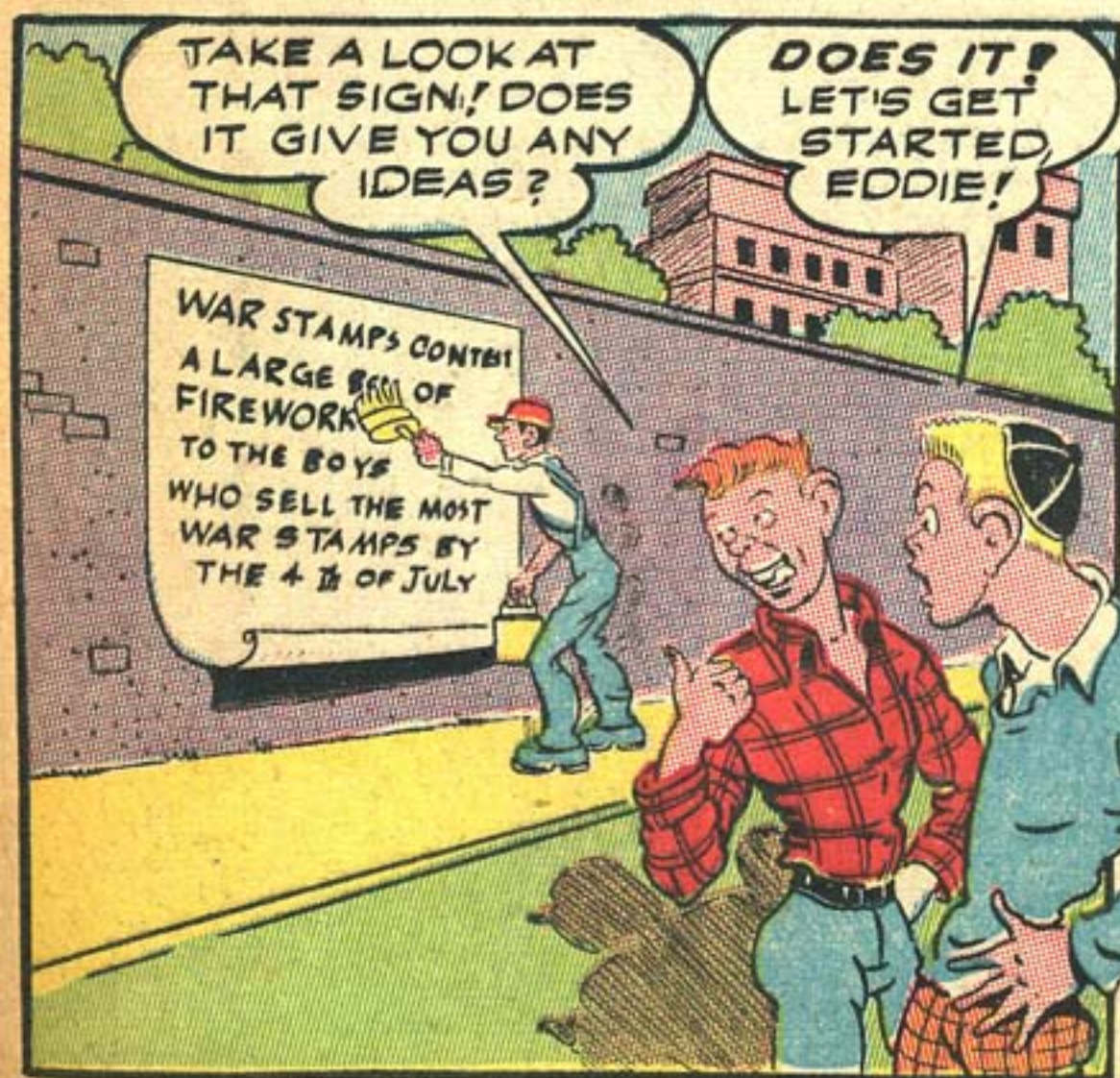
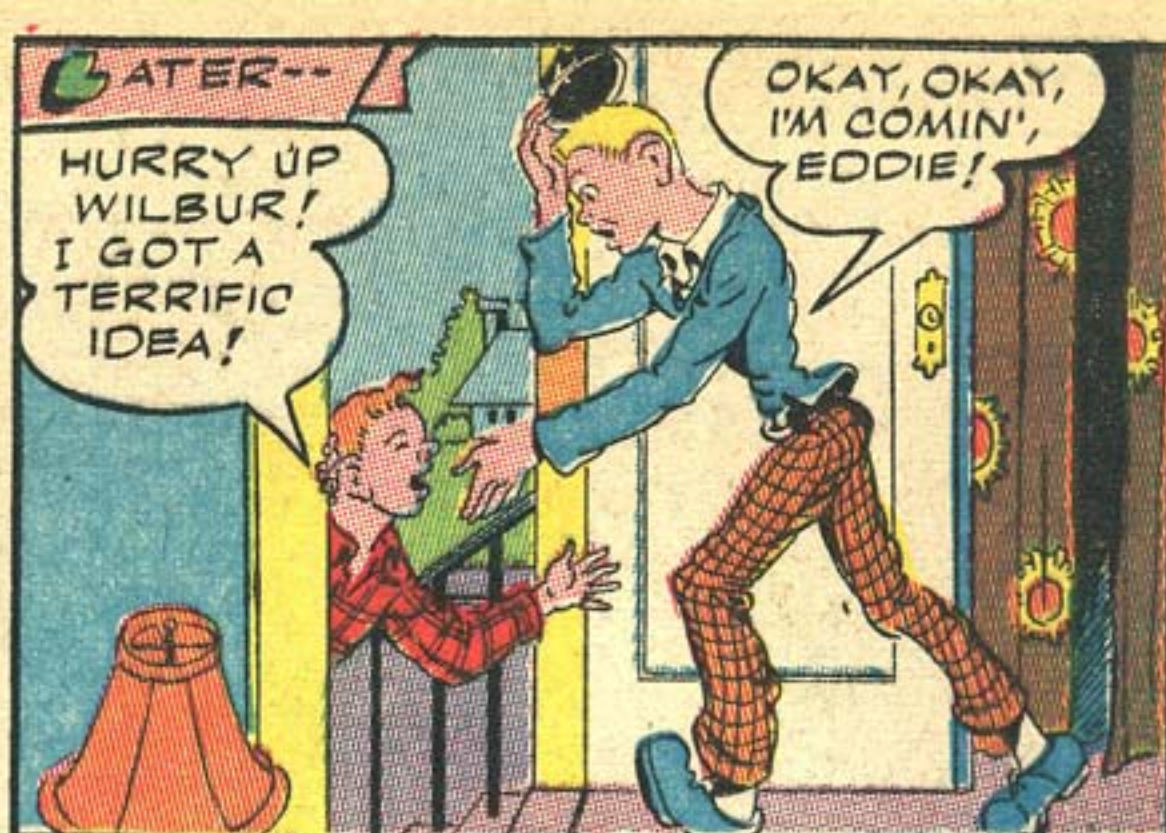
TIME TO GET
UP! TIME TO
GET UP LAZY
BONES!

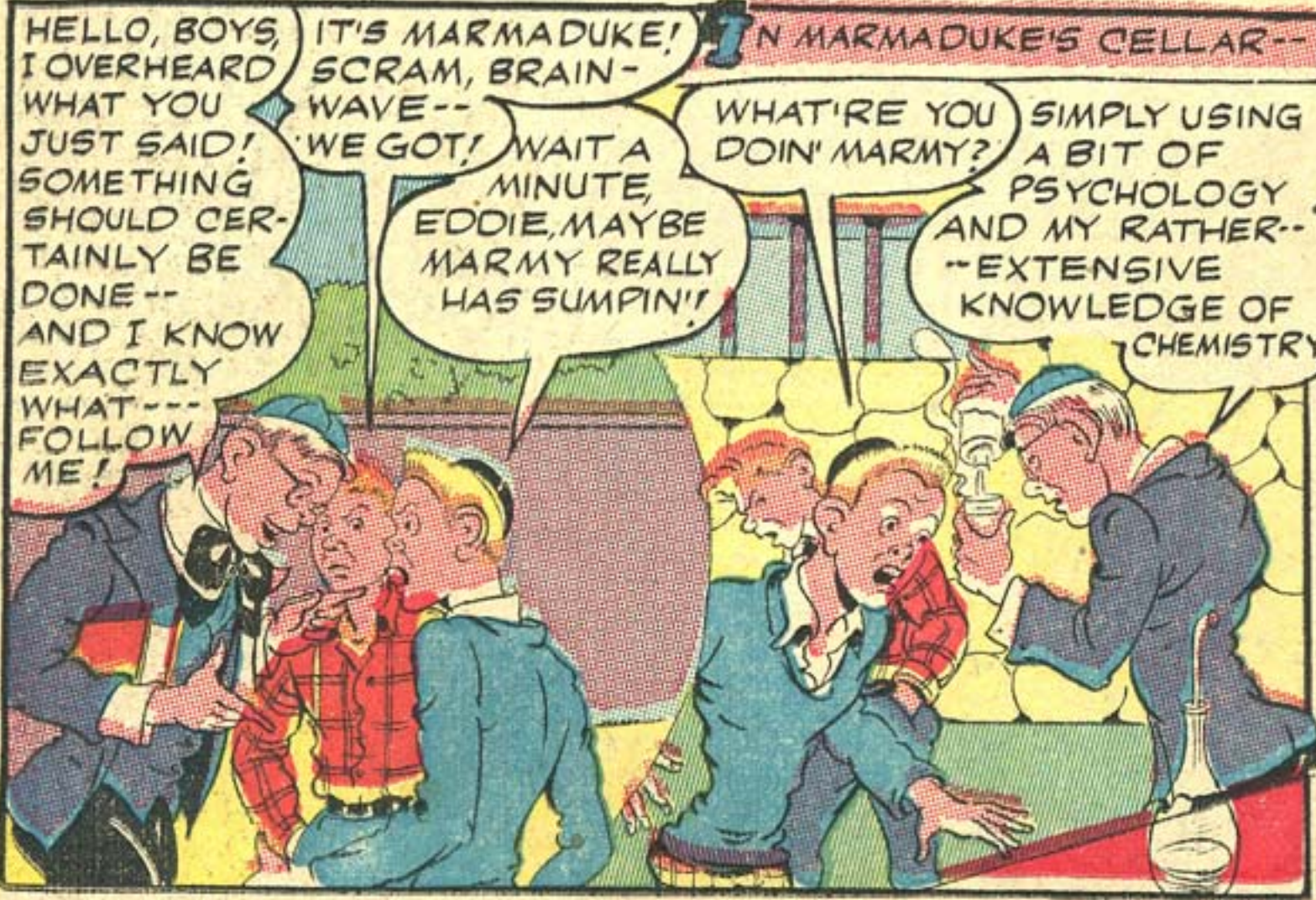
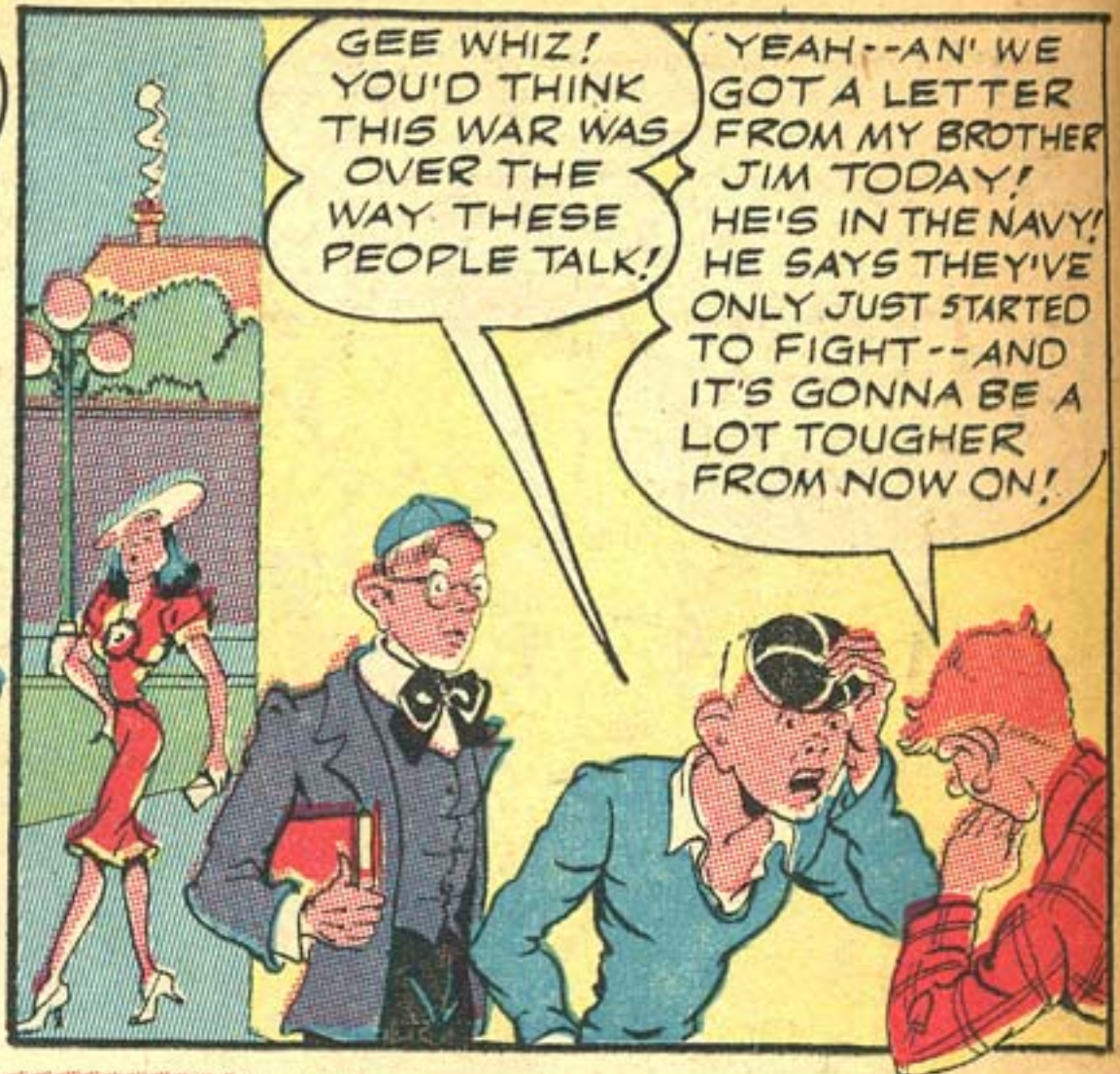
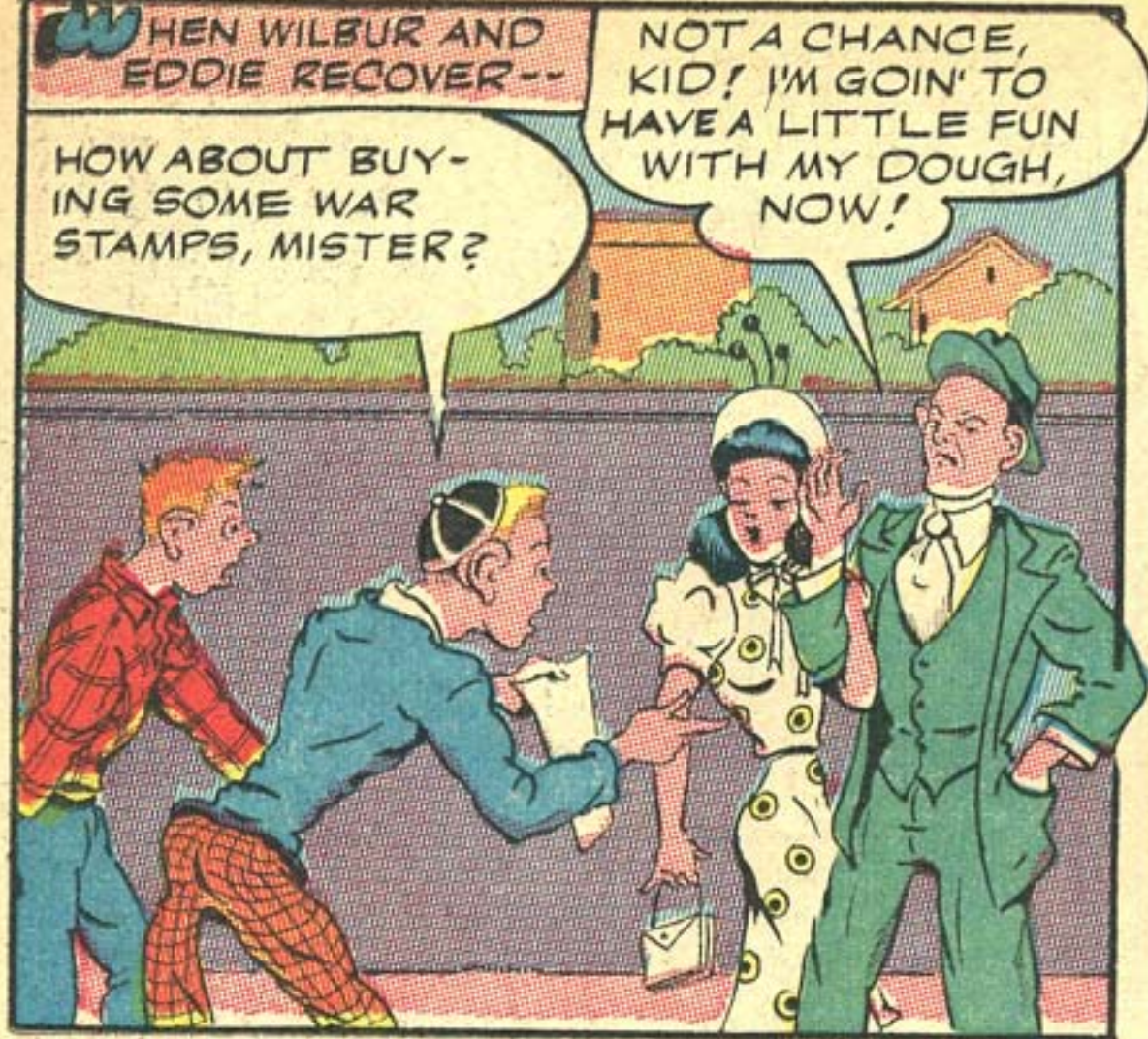
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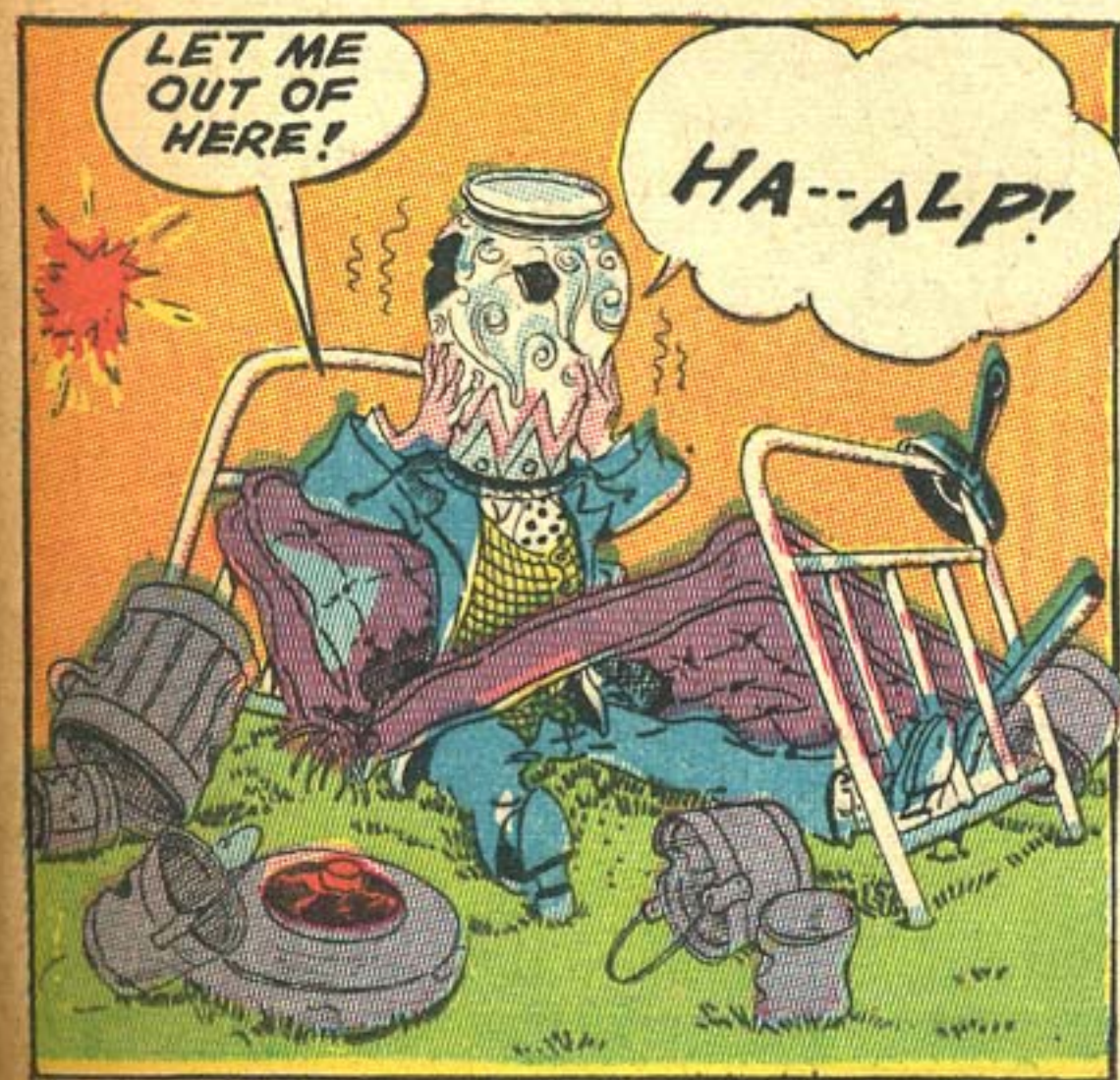
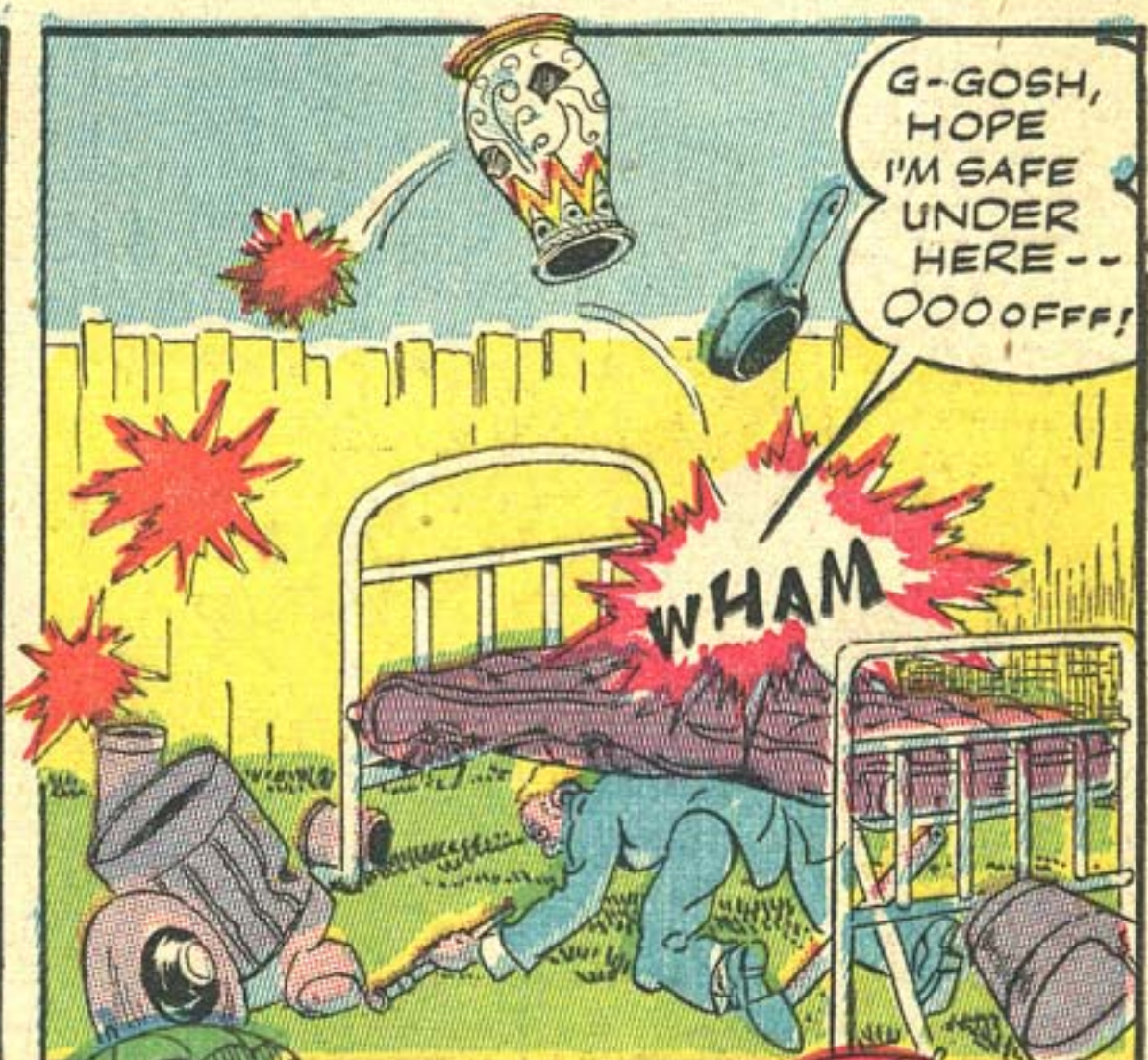
WHEW! TOO BAD IT WAS ONLY A DREAM. GOSH, POP SAID NO FIRE-CRACKERS THIS YEAR! HECK!

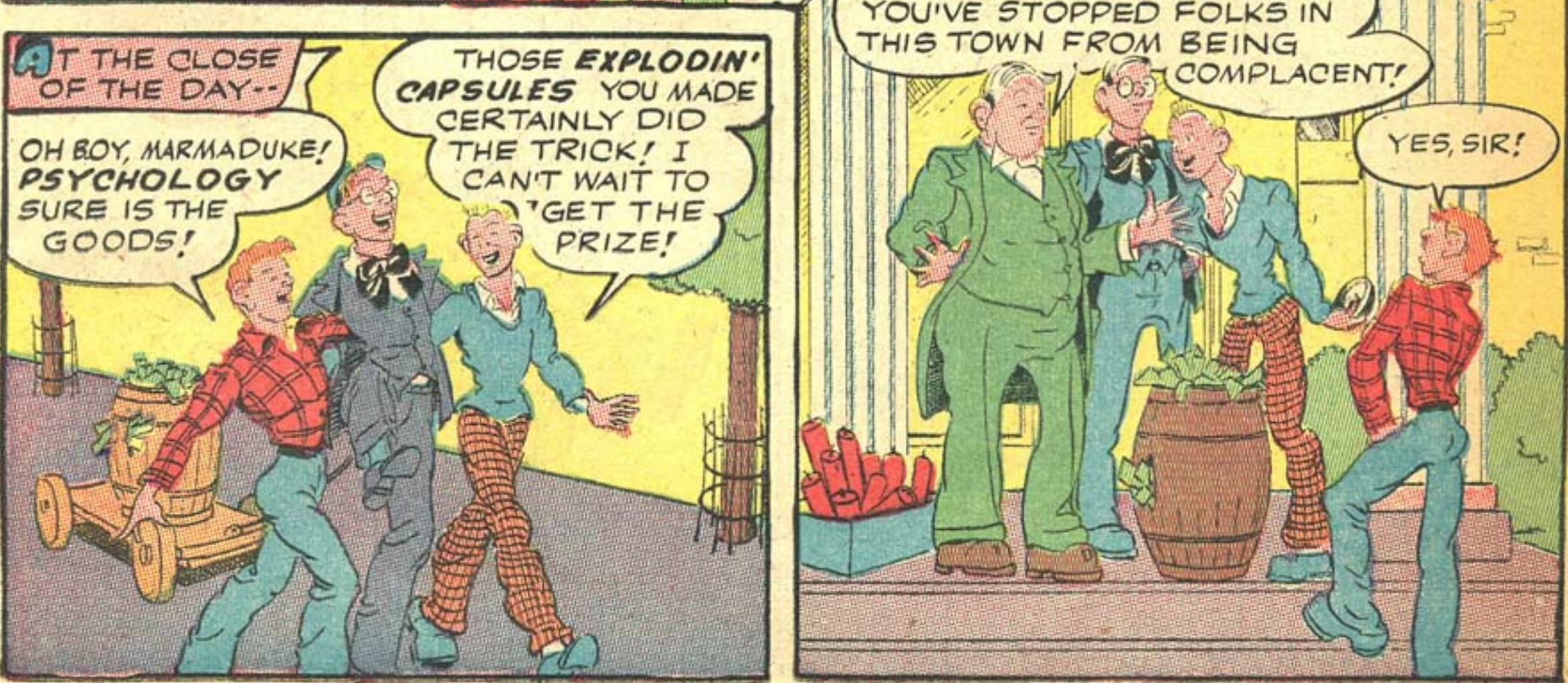
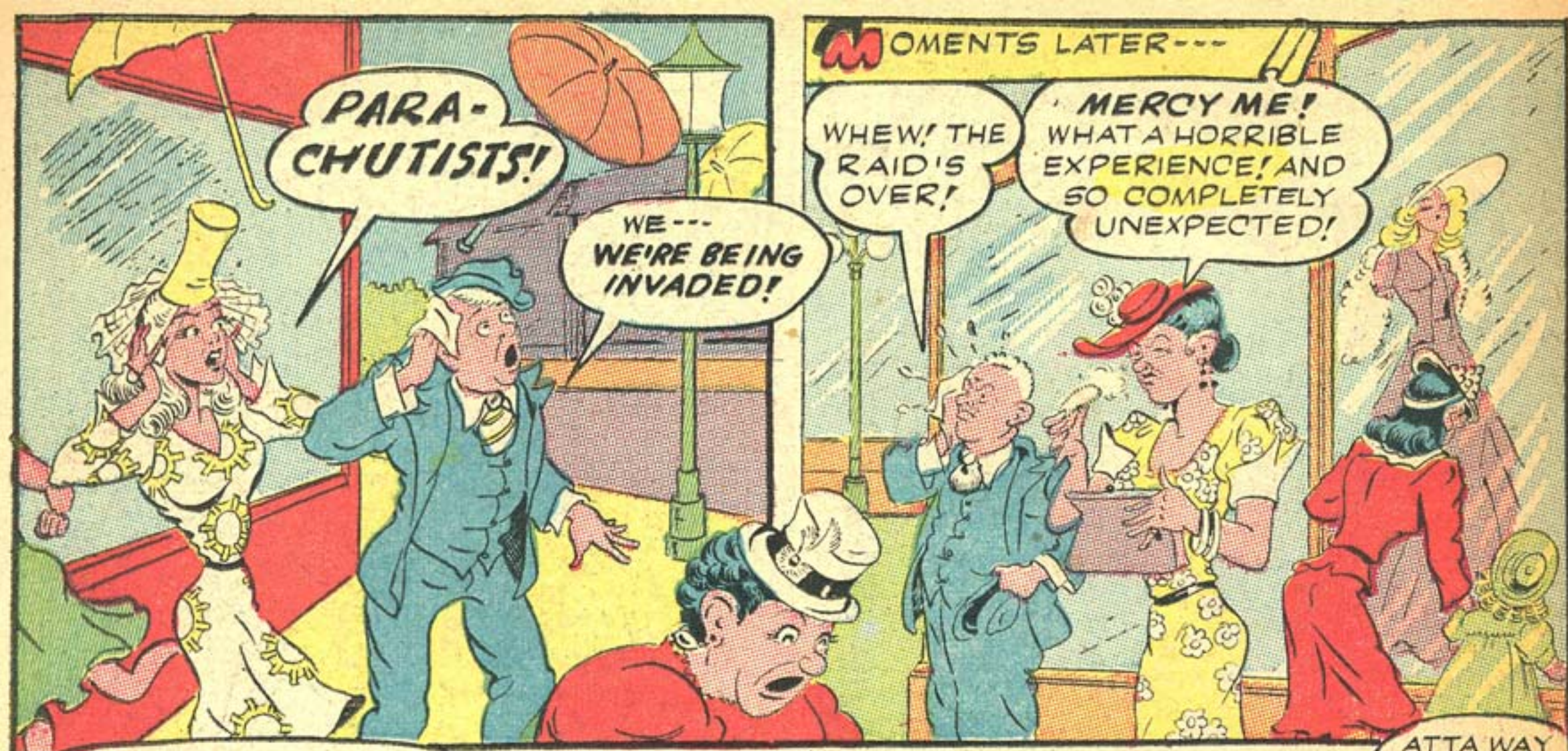
WIL-LBURR!
BREAKFAST IS
READY! HURRY
UP!

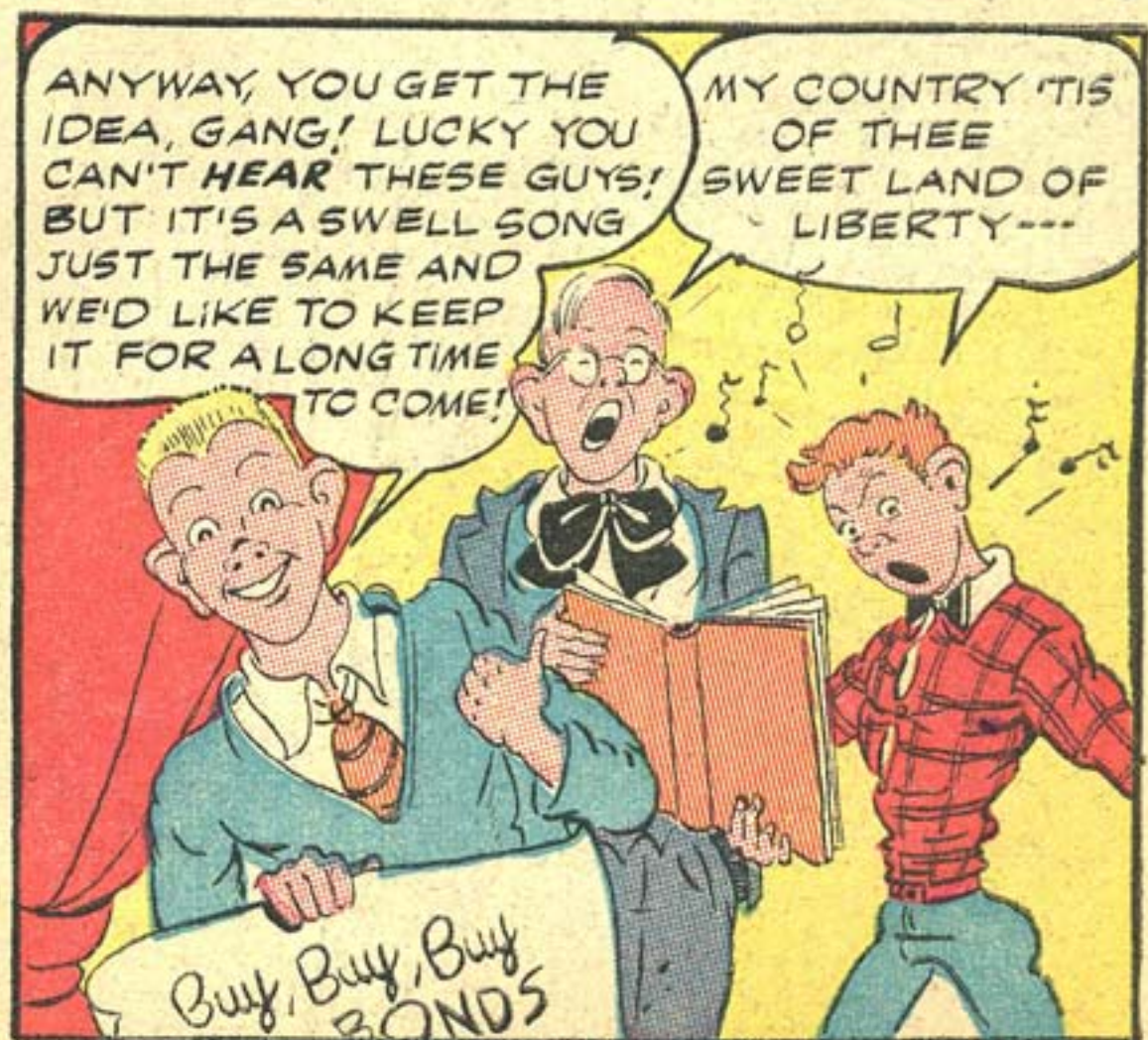
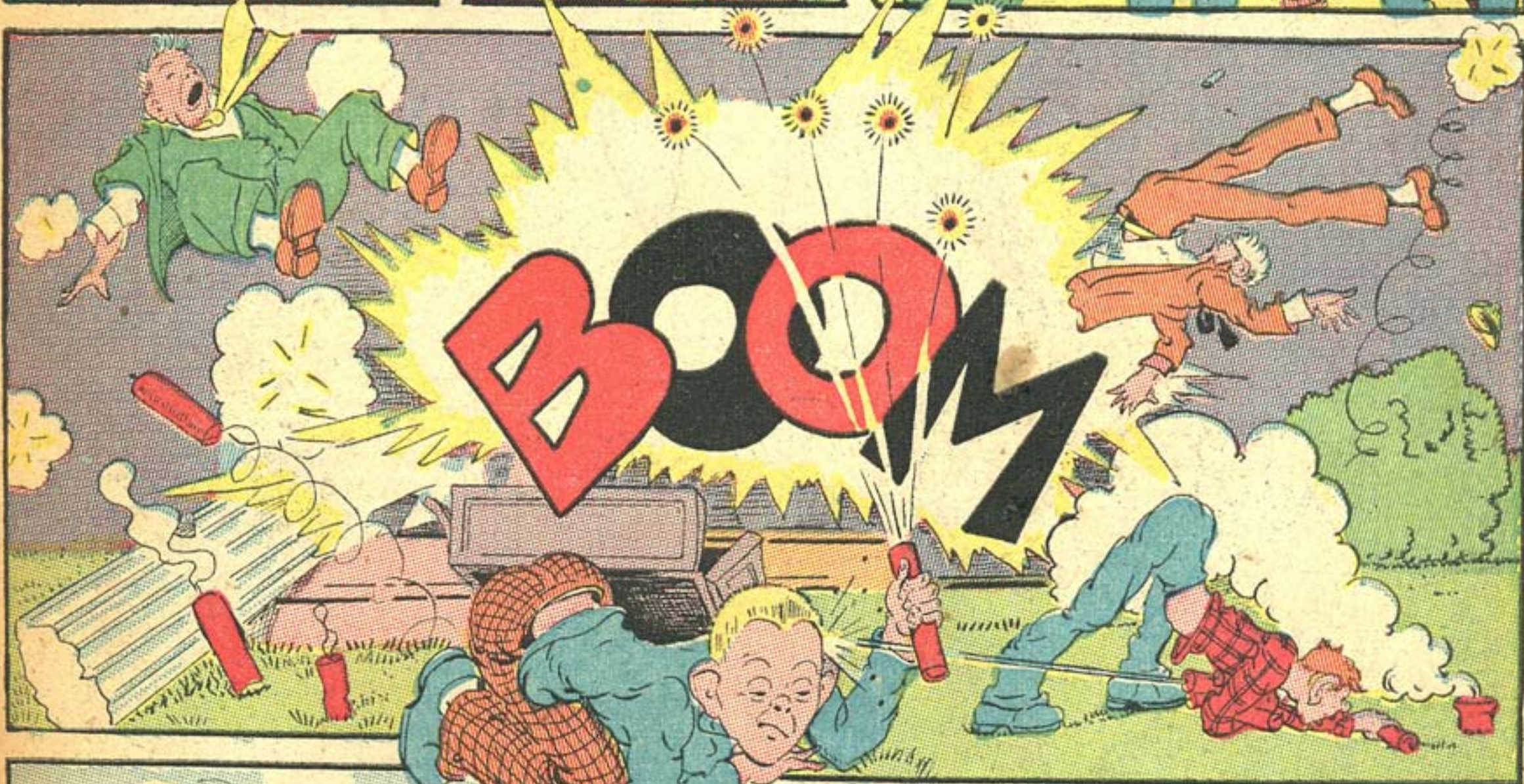
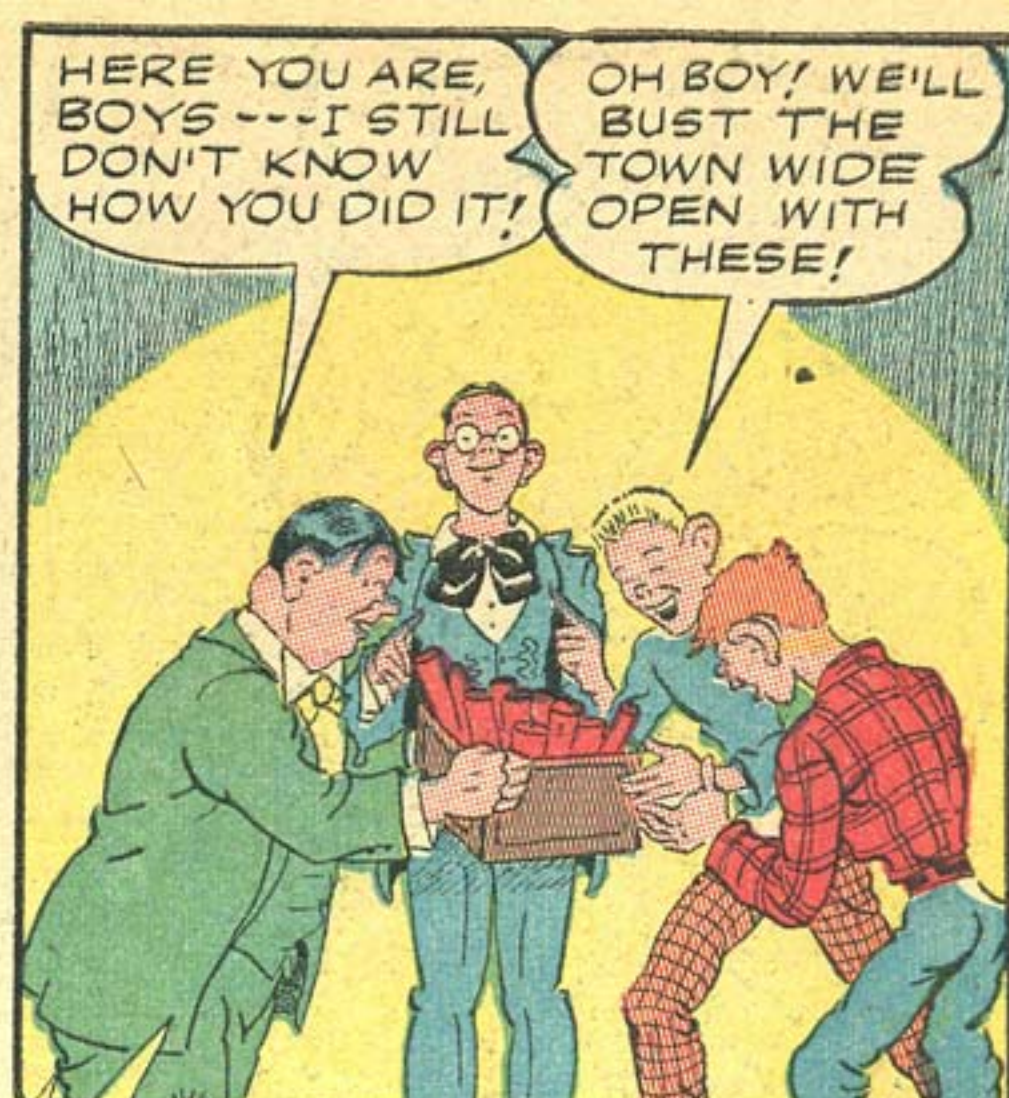
JUST COMBIN!
MY HAIR, MA!
BE RIGHT,
DOWN!











JEST JOKES



PARDON, MAM, BUT I JUST SAW YOU PUT A TEASPOON IN YOUR POCKETBOOK!

THOSE ARE MY **DOCTORS ORDERS**, THAT I SHOULD TAKE A TEASPOON, AFTER EACH MEAL!

YOU MARRIED ME, BECAUSE I HAD **MONEY!**

NO, DEAR.. IT'S BECAUSE I **DIDN'T** HAVE ANY!
ULP!



I'D LIKE TO SEE A **PIG'S HEAD!**

WAIT A MINUTE, THE **BOSS'LL** BE HERE, SOON!!

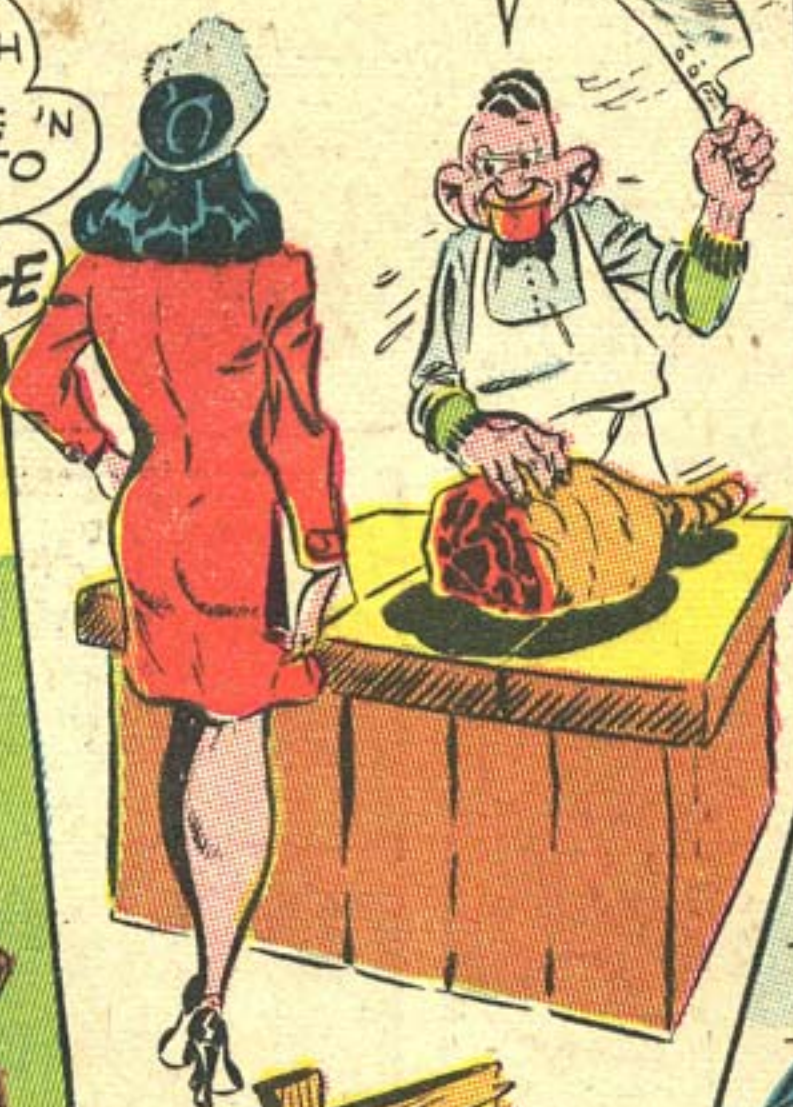
DID YOU EVER TAKE A **BATH?**

SURE, ONCE, BUT I NOTICED, THAT AFTER SIX MONTHS, I WAS DIRTY AS EVER, SO I **STOPPED!**



WHY DID YOU STICK YOUR KNIFE IN THIS MAN'S CHEST??

WELL, JEDGE.. AH SEEN DE COPS COME 'N I WANTED TO **HIDE MAH KNIFE, SOMEPLACE**!!

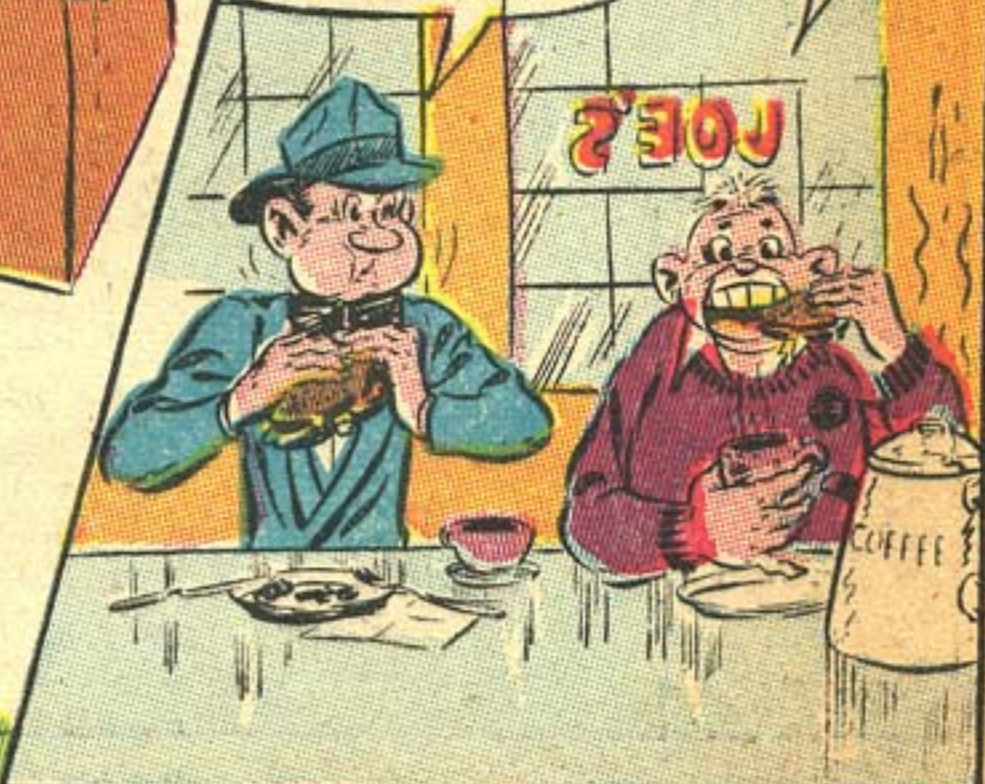


CORN + LIKKER
BY PVT. ROY



I THOUGHT YOUR DOCTOR TOLD YOU **NOT** TO DRINK ANY **COFFEE!**

YEA, BUT HE **DIED** YESTERDAY!



JOE?

The WEB



HE SEEMED NO DIFFER-
ENT THAN OTHER WOMEN!
BUT THREE MEN ACCOM-
PANIED HER ON A STROLL
THROUGH THE PARK AT
NIGHT---ALL THREE MEN
NEVER WERE SEEN AGAIN!
THEY DISAPPEARED AS
COMPLETELY AS THOUGH
THEY WERE PLUCKED FROM
THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
THE WEB PLUNGES INTO
THE DARK MAZES OF MY-
STERY WHEN HE SEEKS
THE STRANGE ANSWER TO
THE BAFFLING CASE OF---
**THE MEN WHO WENT
NOWHERE!**

MADELINE FREEMAN IS A SALESGIRL IN THE SMALL TOWN DRUGSTORE OF ENDYMION--

IT'S NICE OF YOU TO OFFER TO WALK ME HOME! BUT I REALLY DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD--

I'VE SEEN YOU HERE ALL WEEK! THERE WON'T BE ANY SCANDAL ABOUT THE FACT THAT I'M WALKING YOU HOME!

I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THAT, MR. BIRON! BUT YOU'VE JUST COME TO TOWN RECENTLY! YOU DON'T KNOW THAT I'VE BECOME A WOMAN OF MYSTERY!

AM I SUPPOSED TO BE FRIGHTENED!



PERHAPS YOU **SHOULD** BE FRIGHTENED! LESS THAN TWO WEEKS AGO MY HUSBAND, PAUL FREEMAN, WALKED HOME WITH ME, JUST AS YOU ARE NOW! AND HE **DISAPPEARED!**

WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

I--I DON'T KNOW! HE THOUGHT HE HEARD SOMEONE LAUGHING! HE WENT TO INVESTIGATE-- AND HE NEVER RETURNED!

BUT THERE MUST HAVE BEEN SOME TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED! PEOPLE DON'T SIMPLY WALK OFF AND **VANISH!**

I CALLED THE POLICE! THEY FOUND HIS FOOTPRINTS WENT ONLY SO FAR INTO THE WOODS! THEN HIS FOOTPRINTS **VANISHED TOO!**



YOU SAY HE THOUGHT HE HEARD LAUGHTER--

THERE-- THERE IT IS AGAIN!

I'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

NO, DON'T! I'M **AFRAID!**



MINUTES
PASS, AND
THEN---

THE LAUGHTER
STOPPED! HE
HASN'T COME BACK!
HE'S **NEVER** COMING
BACK!

I'VE GOT TO GET
HELP, OR I'LL
GO MAD!

MEANWHILE, JOHN RAYMOND, VISIT-
ING LECTURER AT ENDYMION COLLEGE,
IS RESTING AFTER THE DAY'S CLASSES---

CONFOUND THE LUCK! JUST
AS I'M GETTING SETTLED,
THE DOORBELL
RINGS!

RING
RING

PROFESSOR
RAYMOND,
YOU MUST
HELP ME!

BUT-BUT
YOU
CAN'T--

LOOK HERE,
YOUNG LADY,
YOU CAN'T
COME
BARGING IN
HERE LIKE
THIS!

YOU DON'T UNDER-
STAND! TWO MEN
HAVE DIS-
APPEARED AND I'M
RESPON-
SIBLE!

WHY HAVE
YOU
COME
TO ME?

I'VE
HEARD HOW
YOU HELP PEOPLE
IN TROUBLE! I
CAN'T GO TO THE
POLICE! THEY-THEY'D
NEVER BELIEVE ME
A **SECOND**
TIME!

--- THAT'S
THE WAY
IT HAPPENED!
HONESTLY!
I--I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
TO DO!

HMM--I DON'T
BLAME YOU
FOR NOT
GOING TO THE
POLICE! IT'S A
FANTASTIC
STORY! BUT
THERE MUST BE
SOME RATIONAL
EXPLANATION!

I'LL INVESTIGATE! IF THERE'S A REASON BEHIND THESE DISAPPEARANCES, YOU CAN BE SURE I'LL FIND IT!

BE CAREFUL! I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S SOME DREADFUL SECRET BEHIND THIS!

POOR GIRL! SHE'S PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM DELUSIONS! BUT THERE'S JUST A CHANCE SHE MAY BE RIGHT!

NEXT DAY--

I'VE CHECKED MADELINE FREEMAN'S STORY! SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH! I EVEN EXAMINED THE GROUND WHERE GEORGE BIRON WAS LAST SEEN! HIS FOOTPRINTS DO DISAPPEAR!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! ALL MY TRAINING TEACHES ME TO REJECT THE SUPERNATURAL! AND YET---

MISS FREEMAN TO SEE YOU, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!

I HAD TO SEE YOU! HAVE YOU FOUND-- ANYTHING?

I'M STILL WORKING ON IT!

I SHOULD TELL YOU! ANOTHER MAN ASKED TO WALK ME HOME TONIGHT!

WHAT'S HIS NAME?

FRANK MORAN! BUT I WON'T GO WITH HIM-- I PROMISE! I WON'T ADD ANOTHER MAN TO-- TO THE OTHERS!

YOU **MUST** GO WITH HIM! TONIGHT WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS MYSTERY IS ALL ABOUT!

LATER, IN THE LOCAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE F.B.I. ---

TWO OF THESE MEN ARE FEDERAL INVESTIGATORS! I CAN'T REVEAL THE JOB THEY'RE WORKING ON! THAT'S A MILITARY SECRET!

THAT'S ALL I NEED TO KNOW, SIR!

NOW I'M GETTING SOME PLACE! I'VE GONE AS FAR AS I CAN WITH THIS CASE AS JOHN RAYMOND! --- THE WEB TAKES OVER FROM HERE ON!

THAT NIGHT, JOHN RAYMOND ONCE AGAIN VENTURES FORTH IN THE FAMILIAR GARB OF THE WEB ---

THERE GOES MADELINE FREEMAN NOW --- TOWARD THE PARK!

FRANK MORAN ISN'T GOING TO DISAPPEAR --- IF I CAN HELP IT!

MEANWHILE ---

THAT LAUGHTER AGAIN! DON'T GO PLEASE!

I'LL FIX THAT WOULD-BE PAGLIACCI!

HE'S STOPPED LAUGHING! COME OUT OF HIDING!

VERY WELL, IF YOU INSIST---

AHHHH I'M STRANGLING!



HE'S GOT MORAN!



SUDDENLY THERE FLASHES THE GRIM AND TERRIBLE SYMBOL OF CRIME'S AVENGER---

THE WEB!



THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO!

FOOL! NO ONE CAN STOP ME!



I DISAGREE--



VIOLENTLY!

I THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE A PRIVATE PARTY!



BUT YOU'RE ALL INVITED!



LATER, AS **THE WEB** FIGHTS HIS WAY BACK TO PAIN-WRACKED CONSCIOUSNESS ----



NEARLY SLIPPED UP THAT TIME! OF COURSE SHE DOESN'T KNOW JOHN RAYMOND IS THE **WEB**!



SO! YOU ARE AWAKE--!
IT IS GOOD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN, MADELINE!

YOU KNOW
THIS MAN?

KNOW HIM?
HE-HE'S MY
HUSBAND!

YES I AM PAUL FREEMAN!
BUT I AM ALSO DR EHRlich,
AN-- ER-- REPRESENTA-
TIVE OF THE FUEHRER
IN AMERICA!

SPIES ARE
TAKING FANCY
NAMES THESE
DAYS, EH DR.
EHRlich!

BUT YOU'RE
WORKING FOR
THE FUEHRER ALL
RIGHT! YOU BOTH
HAVE THE SAME
'SMELL!'

IMPUDENT
DOG!

I SEE NOW THAT I WILL
HAVE TO KILL YOU! YOU
WILL BE FOUND MURDERED--
WITH MY WIFE DEAD BE-
SIDE YOU! SHE WILL HAVE
THE MURDER GUN IN HER
HAND! THE POLICE WILL
BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO
BELIEVE THAT SHE
CLAIMED HER **FOURTH**
VICTIM BEFORE SHE
KILLED
HERSELF!

VERY INGENIOUS,
DR. EHRlich! THAT WILL
HELP TO ACCOUNT FOR
THE TWO FEDERAL MEN
YOU KILLED AS WELL!
THEY WERE GOING A BIT
TOO CLOSE ON
YOUR TRAIL!

EXACTLY!

SO I DISAPPEARED AS
PAUL FREEMAN, TO THROW
THEM OFF THE TRAIL! BUT
I DIDN'T! I WAS FORCED
TO DISPOSE
OF THEM--
AS I SHALL
DISPOSE
OF YOU!

JUST THE RIGHT
ANGLE! THANKS
FOR COOPERAT-
ING!

OOOOFFF!
GET HIM!

THESE BOYS
ARE PLAYING
FOR KEEPS!

SO
AM
I!

HEAR THE SIREN?
THERE'S A **BLACK-
OUT** TONIGHT!

CRACK!

WOW! I CAN ALMOST
TASTE THE LEAD
ON THAT ONE!

YOU WON'T
TASTE
ANYTHING
FOR A LONG
TIME TO
COME!

DIE!

SOMEONE'S
COMING! ...
MORE OF
DR. EHRLICH'S
GANG!

I'LL BET THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU TWO EVER WENT OUT TOGETHER!



LATER IN THE OFFICE OF THE POLICE COMMISSIONER--

GEORGE BIRON AND FRANK MORAN WERE AGENTS OF THE F.B.I.! THEY SUSPECTED THAT PAUL FREEMAN WAS REALLY DR EHRlich, THE MASTER NAZI SPY! SO THEY FORCED PAUL FREEMAN TO PULL HIS FAKE DISAPPEARANCE!

BUT, AS EHRlich, HE RETURNED TO KILL THEM!



SOMETIME LATER---

JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE HOW YOU WERE GETTING ALONG, MADELINE!

THAT'S ALL JUST AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY NOW, PROFESSOR RAYMOND!



I'M GLAD! YOU DESERVE SOMEONE BETTER THAN A MAN LIKE EHRlich!

I THINK I'VE FOUND SOMEONE--



WHAT A PRIZE PACKAGE THEY'LL BE FOR THE POLICE!



THINGS WERE EASY BECAUSE BOTH BIRON AND MORAN WERE KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON HIS WIFE! HE ONLY WAITED FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO STRIKE! BUT HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE WEB OF CRIME HE SPUN!

AND THIS YOUNG MAN ISN'T GOING TO VANISH EITHER!

NOT FOR A LONG, LONG TIME!







BOYS! I'LL HELP YOU GET A DAISY FOR Your Birthday —the Frontiersman



**HERE'S HOW I
HELPED BOB
GET HIS
DAISY**
—the Frontiersman

BOB WANTED A DAISY. HE SAW MY AD IN THE NEWS. HE MAILED THE COUPON FOR HIS FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT. HE DIDN'T WANT IT TIL MARCH 15.



U.S. MAIL



ON MARCH 1, OR 2 WEEKS BEFORE BOB'S BIRTHDAY, HIS BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT ARRIVED. BOB READ THE DIRECTIONS—TODAY A PERIL AND DANGER WERE AROUND THE ORIST. HE WANTED IN EACH "REMINDER"—THEN THE FUN BEGAN!



BOB'S MOTHER FOUND A "BIRTHDAY REMINDER" UNDER THE MILK BOTTLE ONE MORNING. (COURSE BOB HAD PUT IT THERE)



EVERY TIME BOB'S DAD PICKED UP A MAGAZINE, A "REMINDER" FELL OUT OF IT.

BOB'S AUNT MARY, WHO LIVES WITH HIS FOLKS, FOUND ONE TUCKED IN HER YOGURT BASKET ONE NIGHT.



BOB PUT A "REMINDER" IN AN ENVELOPE, MARKED IT "PERSONAL—IMPORTANT—RUSH" AND MAILED IT TO HIS DAD AT HIS OFFICE! (THIS PROBABLY DID THE TRICK!)



AT LEAST TWICE A WEEK WHEN BOB'S DAD UNFOLDED HIS "MORNING PAPER" A "REMINDER" FELL OUT...

BOB USED HIS "BIRTHDAY REMINDERS" FOR NEARLY 2 WEEKS "WORKING" ON THE WHOLE FAMILY.



ON HIS BIRTHDAY, MARCH 15, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SON!" "SEE THANKS, DAD!"



FELLAS! THOSE BIRTHDAY REMINDERS GOT ME A DAISY CARBINE FOR MY BIRTHDAY. WHY DON'T YOU TRY THE SAME SCHEME—JUST SEND THE COUPON BELOW TO HELP YOU GET THE DAISY YOU WANT!

**Here's
WONDERFUL NEWS**

BOYS—we'll help you get a quality Daisy Air Rifle for your next birthday IF your birthday comes between now and July 15, 1940! Just do this... mail coupon below being sure to enclose 3¢ in stamps to help cover OJF postage-handling cost when we mail the FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT back to you—about 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday. SAY! What beautiful, accurate, hard-hitting Daisy do you want? Look over the Daisies pictured here... think of the thrilling year 'round fun and target shooting ONLY a Daisy can give you... then get busy. Send coupon and 3¢ in stamps—send both today in an envelope for your Reminder Kit! Use "Birthday Reminders" to Help Get a Daisy Your Free Birthday Reminder Kit contains a whole series of printed "messages" on which you sign your own name—also pictures of Daisy Air Rifles, and other advertising material. Complete Directions are included so you can use "Reminders" to remind your family that you want a Daisy for your birthday. You'll have loads of fun using them. Put 'em under milk bottles, in the kitchen, in the mail-box! On Dad's easy chair! Mail one to Dad when he works! They'll help you "sell" the folks on getting you a Daisy! ACT NOW! Fill in coupon, place 3¢ in stamps inside an envelope WITH coupon, place a 3¢ stamp ON the envelope and mail today! (Remember—you won't hear from us again 'til you receive your Reminder Kit 2 weeks BEFORE your birthday—but send for it now!)

FREE!
SEND COUPON NOW!

BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
492 Union Street, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Please send me—to arrive about 2 weeks before my Birthday—your special new Birthday Reminder Kit with complete directions how I can use "Reminders" to help me get a Daisy for my Birthday. I enclose 3¢ in United U. S. Postage Stamps or Stamp, to help cover your cost in handling and mailing the "Reminders" to me.

Month of Birthday _____ Day of Month _____ Present Age _____

MY NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____ STATES _____

CITY _____

PUT 3¢ IN STAMPS
INSIDE ENVELOPE WITH THIS
COUPON before mailing!



FASTEST
LOADING
Air Rifle
in HISTORY

**BE A
FRONTIERSMAN
CARRY DAISY'S New
LIGHTNING LOADER Carbine**

Old Scouts and Frontiersmen carried the same style CARBINE Daisy now offers you! Be a Frontiersman—buy this husky, sweet-shooting 500-shot repeating CARBINE—the fastest-loading air rifle ever! Enjoy these special features:

(1) Lightning Loader Shot Magazine Invention lets you load a full tube of Bulls-Eye Shot in just 5 seconds.



USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
Buy Daisy Bulls Eye Shot for use in the new Lightning-Loader CARBINE and ALL Air Rifles. This uniform, quality, "Chrome-Shot" steel shot is specially made for accurate shooting. Inset on DAISY BULLS EYE At Your Dealers!



(2) ADJUSTABLE Double-Notch Rear Sight for long and short range work, target or "snap-shooting." (3) Pile of Grip Stock and Wooden CARBINE HAND HOLD, both in rich walnut finish. (4) Heavy Metal CARBINE SETS SNAP holds "Magazine" Tube under main barrel. Carbine packed in handsome Yellow Carton. Get your CARBINE now at your dealers. Only



**SHOOT THE COUPON and 3¢ in stamps
FOR FREE BIRTHDAY REMINDER KIT!**

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 492 Union St., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.